PRIVATE EYE

80p

No. 805
Friday
23 Oct. '92

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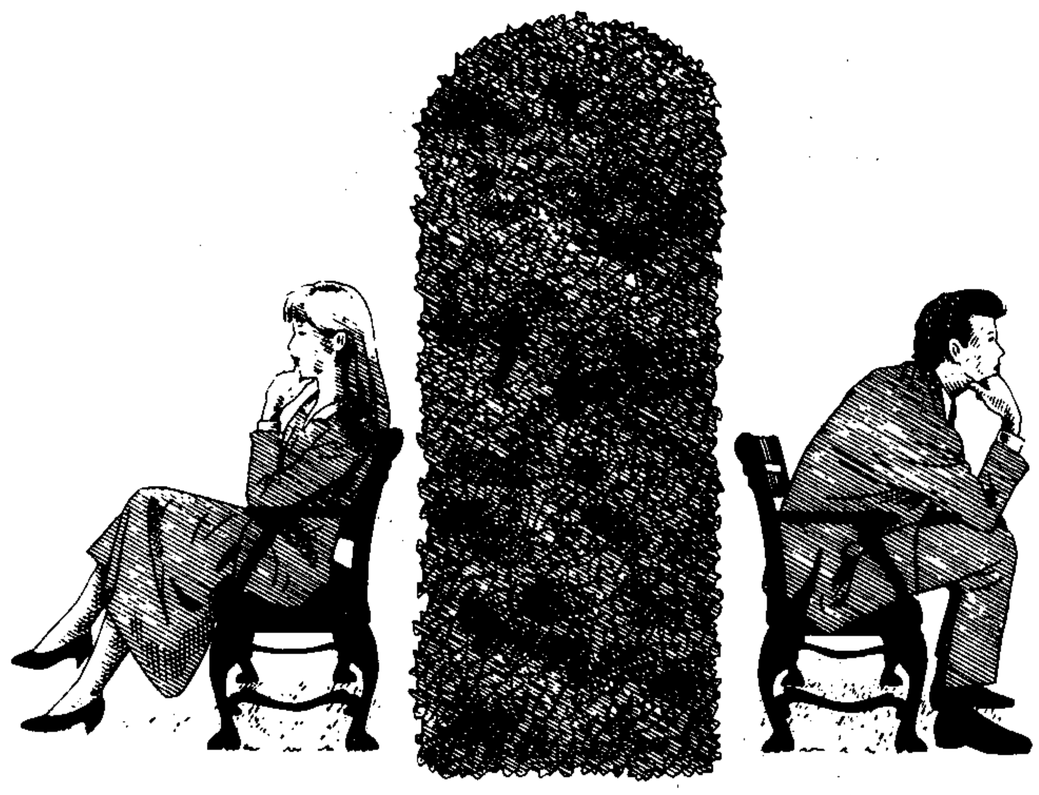

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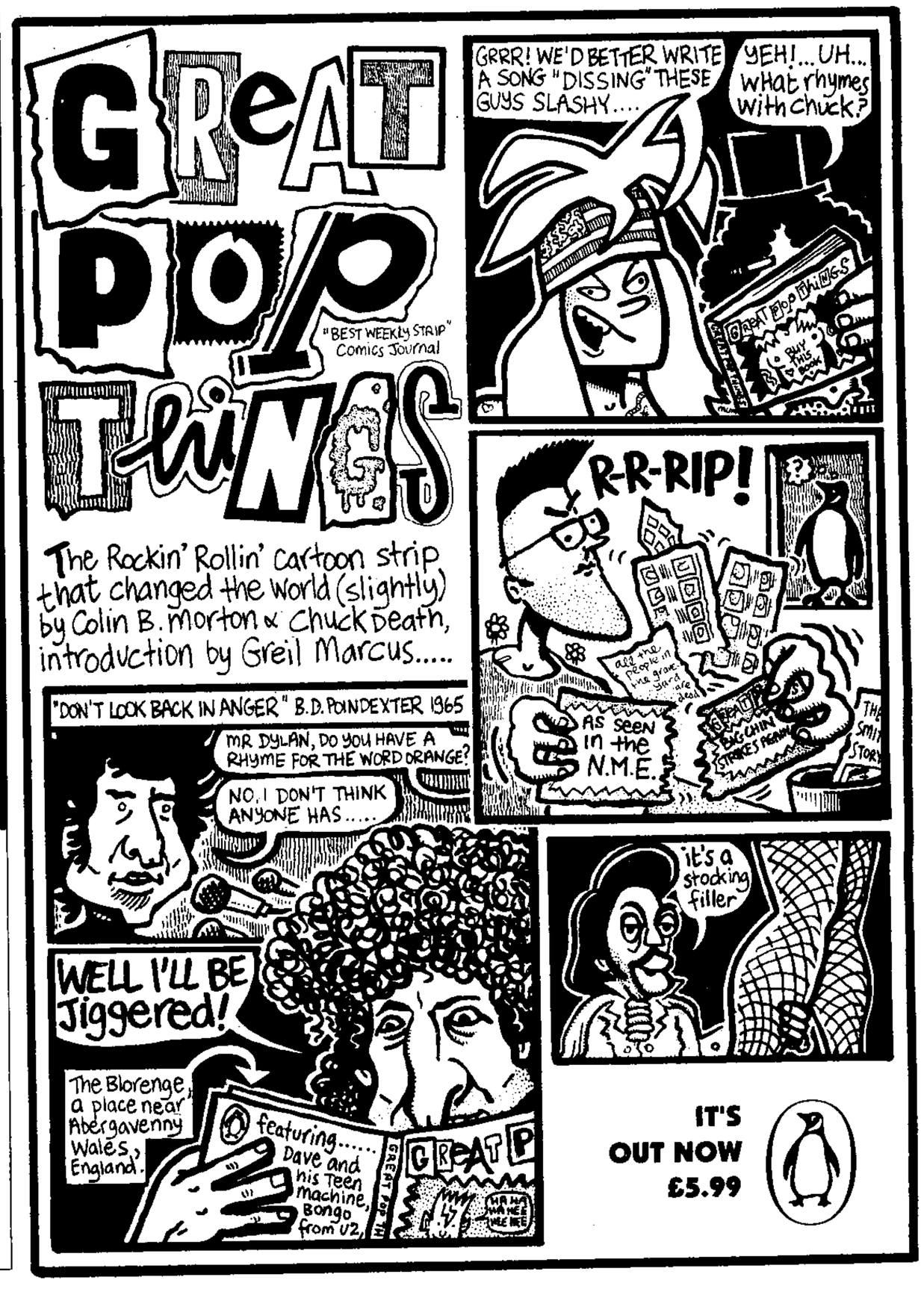
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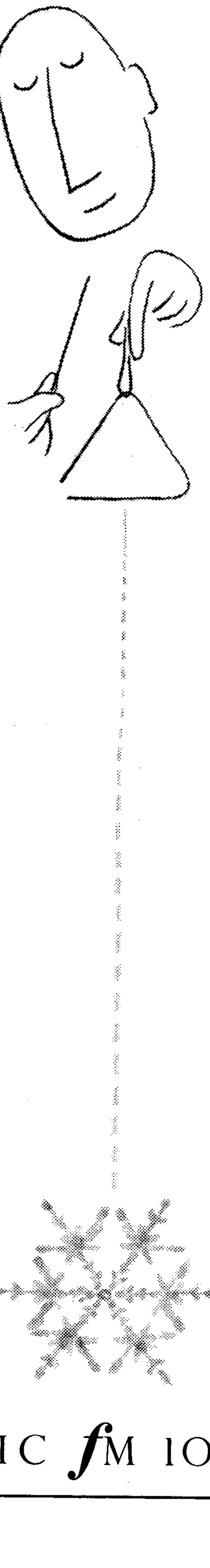

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Gnome

APOLOGY

OVER THE past year the *Daily Gnome* may have inadvertently given the impression that it considered Mr John Major a suitable person to hold the office of Prime Minister.

Readers may have erroneously taken the view that the *Daily Gnome* backed both Mr Major and his party and was 100% behind his economic and political policies.

A series of misleading headlines in April such as "Vote Conservative!", "Honest John will lead us to recovery", "Boomtime with Major!" and "Lamont is Genius" may possibly have added to the public confusion about the *Gnome*'s stance.

Along with all other newspapers we now accept that John Major is entirely unfit to run a whelk stall let alone the country. We further acknowledge that he is a cretinous half-wit and buffoon who has no grasp of basic arithmetic. We are happy to point out that his entire Cabinet are similarly incompetent and that Major and all his moronic cronies should resign at once. This morning's leader "You are the Pits, you bastard!" should make clear the real editorial position of the *Daily Gnome*.

We would like to apologise to our readers for any distress caused by this apparent confusion and to offer our deepest regrets to everyone for any damage caused to our reputation by a U-turn nearly as humiliating as Michael Heseltine's.

E. Strobes
Lord Gnome
Dun Toryin'
Major-on-the-Slide
Berks

The PRIVATE EYE "Naughty" 1993 Calendar is now available by mail order. See back cover for details. There will not be any Eye Christmas Cards this year.

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COLOUR SECTION

UNEMPLOYMENT LATEST

MICHAEL HESELTINE's claim that 30,000 miners have to be sacked because of the chance arrival of "cheap" gas is a good example of how Whitehall forgets awkward facts and hopes the public will do the same.

Gas has become available as a fuel to make electricity for one reason alone: the government's long campaign in the European Commission and the council of ministers to persuade the European Community to lift its ban on the use of gas as a fuel for generating electricity.

The government's action was part of its long-term policy to destroy the power of the miners: nuclear energy was its first weapon, and when that became discredited it turned to gas. But it came up against the legally-binding community directive 75/404 of 13 February 1975, which said: "Quantities of natural gas are limited. Natural gas should be converted into electricity only when it cannot be used for other purposes."

The ban made good environmental sense, as the *Eye* pointed out repeatedly (and largely alone) in 1990. If gas is put through a power station — even the most modern combined cycle gas turbine (CCGT) plant — only 50 per cent of it becomes "useful energy." The rest rises to the heavens and contributes to global warming. When gas is used directly, as for cooking or heating, it approaches 100 percent efficiency.

The EC also argued that as stocks fell gas supplies would become more expensive. And while gas may produce less carbon dioxide than coal, it is hardly a way to avoid pollution: Britain, run on gas-fired electricity, would produce 100 million tonnes of CO_2 a year. While coal can be "cleaned", the government did not want to spend some £2 billion on installing the necessary equipment and it knew private investors would be even more reluctant to do so.

But there is another element in the equation about which the government is keeping schtum. It needs to raise the maximum amount possible from the sale of the 40 percent which it still holds of the electricity generating companies, National Power and PowerGen. The City has persuaded itself that it is dangerous to rely on Arthur Scargill's miners, and the prospect of a making a quick buck from burning gas would make shares easier to sell.

They should raise about £2.2 billion, according to the experts, and this, with the "saving" of £2 billion on not creating cleaner coal, provides the treasury with a notional gain of £4.2 billion. But the treasury never looks beyond the accounts at the wider costs to society.

Talking of which, Heseltine's self-declared "generosity" in offering £1 billion to undo some of the damage he is inflicting on mining communities should be put into perspective. It is less than the subsidy paid *every year* to Nuclear Electric, which receives £1.2 billion. With 12,000 on its payroll, the annual handout is worth £100,000 per member of staff. The average, one-off payment to the discarded miners will be £37,000.

Further, the government has tried to ignore the fact that with a sinking pound the cost of imported coal will rise continually in future. It has also ignored the fact that the price of gas is already being increased and will continue to rise. Latest contracts already make it more expensive than coal.

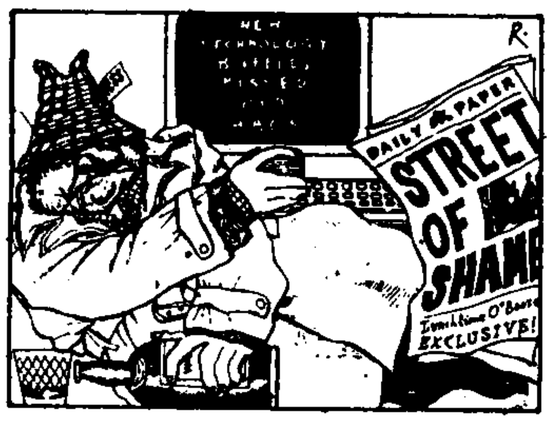
The EC's *Gas and the Environment* said gas will last for only 50 more years "at the current rate of consumption" — and that was before the "dash for gas". The figure is now down to not much more than 10 years. That will not be a problem for the wide boys and girls who are rushing to put up gas turbines, make a quick profit and disappear.

Meanwhile the generators National Power and PowerGen and the regional electricity companies that distribute and sell have been buying their way into gas stations. Naturally they will always prefer to buy their own gas rather than someone else's coal. If it costs more, who cares? The customer will make up any shortfall.

And although government apologists claim the market has decided that gas is cheaper, in reality the market has said no such thing. Gas is *more* expensive than coal as a fuel to make electricity, except in a few cases where stations have already been built and contracts signed.

Now, surely, is the time for Professor Stephen Littlechild, director-general of OFFER, the Office of Electricity Regulation, to step forward and declare that the situation is against the public interest. Instead the professor has preferred a discreet silence.

Meanwhile at Asfordby in Leicestershire work goes full speed ahead on digging a new coal mine. It will produce lots of coal more efficiently than some older pits — coal which, as Heseltine says in other circumstances, can't be sold.



IF ANYBODY in Britain is as rattled as John Major, it must be *Sun* editor Kelvin "Mad Macca" McKenzie.

"Mad Macca" is the nickname Wapping hacks have given their increasingly anxious leader as he savages Major and his cabinet. Not so long ago McKenzie was running notorious front-page election winners like NIGHTMARE ON KINNOCK STREET and WILL THE LAST PERSON TO LEAVE BRITAIN PLEASE TURN OUT THE LIGHTS?. And it was McKenzie who crowed after the election with his notorious and illiterate IT WOS THE SUN WOT WON IT splash.

But now Kelvin lives in fear of a huge reader backlash in lost sales as the punters (as he calls them) blame his paper for lumbering them with a dud government. Indeed, after the election sales of the *Sun* slumped in many working-class areas because, *Sun* hacks believe, tens of thousands of them who had bought the paper regardless of its politics were offended by its venomous, triumphalist tone when the Tories won.

The reason for the panic is that the *Sun* needs a Tory government as much as a Tory government needs the *Sun*. A Labour government is committed to attacking Murdoch's concentration of ownership and his cross-ownership of newspapers and BSkyB. It was in fear of such attacks that *News of the Screws* managing editor Stuart Kuttner posted a notice on the memo board at Wapping to the effect that all Murdoch hacks had better vote for Major if they want to guarantee their futures.

Nevertheless, there is now increasing embarrassment at the *Screws* over the persistent toadying towards Major and Lamont of "The Voice of Reason" columnist, Woodrow Wyatt. A typical sentiment from last Sunday was: "Many businessmen, economists, politicians, commentators, complain Messrs Major and Lamont have no economic policy. How silly."

AS LAST week's Cheltenham literary festival was sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, it was only natural that one of the participants would be the paper's editor, Max "Hitler" Hastings.

In a session entitled "Can war reporters tell us the truth?", he explained that the main impediments to fair and objective war reporting were official secrecy and the confusion of the battlefield. But he omitted to mention another problem: blinkered partisanship.

Hitler might, for example, have discussed the case of a young war correspondent who covered the October war in the Middle East in 1973 for the *Evening Standard*. "For once, I longed to take up arms," the hack wrote in one of his despatches at the time, noting that the Israelis "displayed all the qualities for which we look in our civilisation" while the Arabs were "like a hysterical child".

As one *Standard* reader wrote of the hack, in a letter to the editor: "On the evidence of his highly subjective, emotive and ill-judged article he is no reporter: he is a blatant propagandist for the Israelis."

And who was this war reporter? Why, the young Max Hastings.

ALAN RUSBRIDGER, the *Grauniad*'s features editor, has rushed to the defence of Jocelyn "Miss" Targett (see Letters). But Lord Gnome continues to receive a flood of mail from hacks at the *Graun* and elsewhere urging him to continue ribbing Rusbridger's protégé.

Another newspaper which has suffered from "Miss" Targett's airs and graces in the past is the *Indescribablyboring*, which, four years ago, published a feature by him in its "student supplement". Targett, fresh out of Cambridge University at the time, grandly took exception to the fact that his banal article on Inter-railing had been sub-edited and trimmed.

In an astonishingly long and self-important letter to the supplement's editor, he complained that "the linguistic inventiveness of my piece has been invaded and subverted by vulgar emendations... your sub-editor, after roundly beating up my brief first paragraph ('spick suburban stops' becomes 'spick and span suburban stops', etc) lays into paragraph two, needlessly substituting 'worked over' for 'done over'..." The "original cadence and similes" of the piece, which were meant to "convey the rapidity and urgency of train-travel", had been "stupidly, unfeelingly transposed".

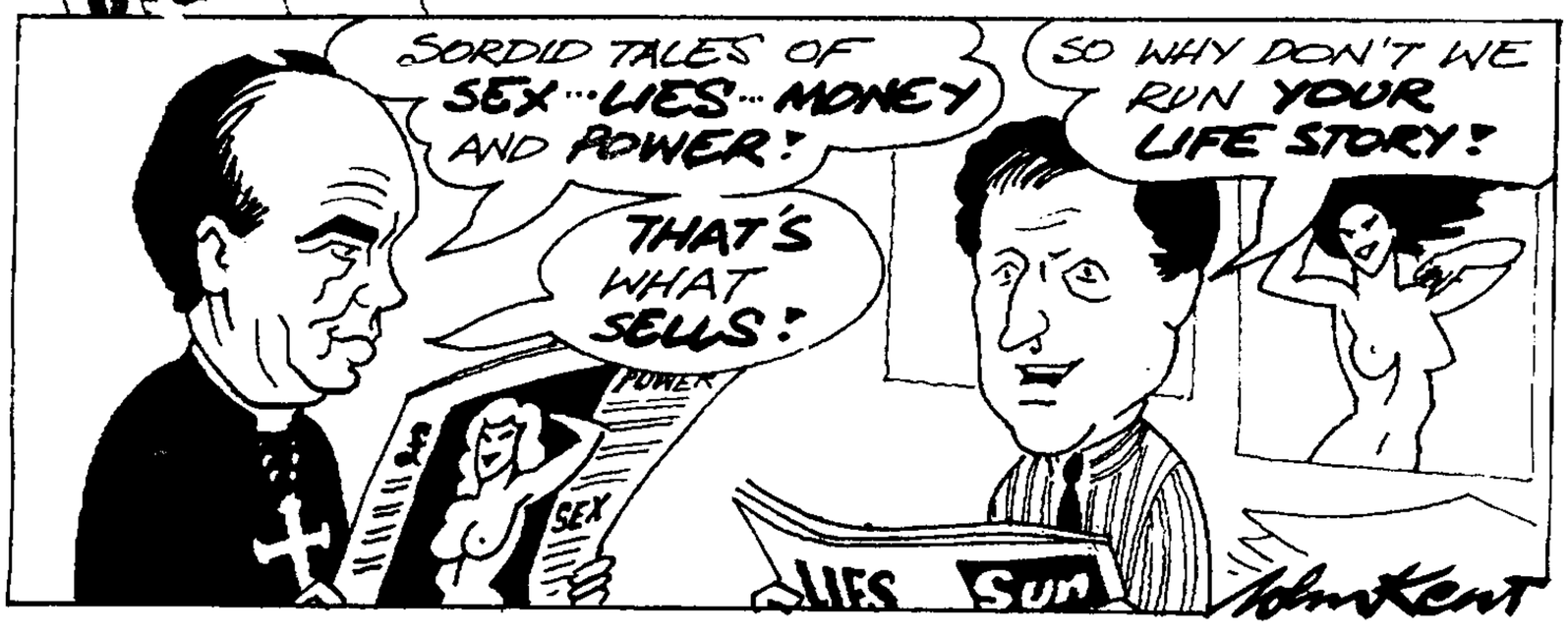
Even if something had to be cut from the piece, he concluded, "few would rather print your sub-editor's creation, 'My once well-organised rucksack was a mess' — a crass, aimless, disconnected nothing of a line — than the original: 'My once well-organised rucksack — shoes at the bottom, shirts in the white plastic bag, good intentions in the pouch of my wash-kit — had become a surreal rubble of post-apocalypse garbage...' "

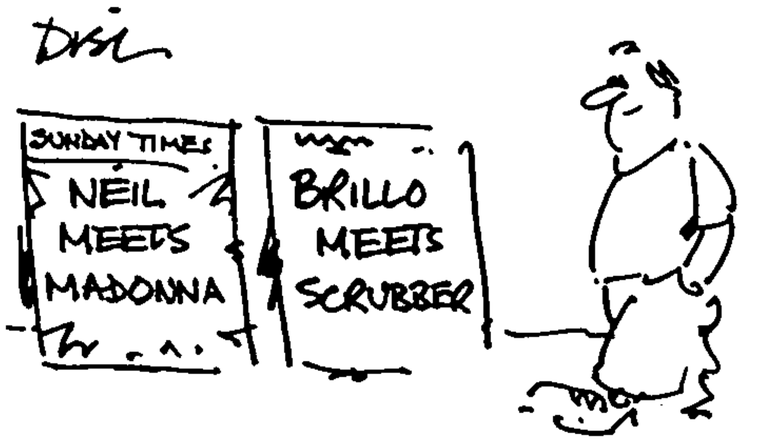
THERE were embarrassing scenes at the *Daily Mirror* lunch for the leader of the Labour party (*Who he? Ed.*) at the party conference in Blackpool when Lady Clark, wife of new chairman Sir Robert, refused to obey her husband's instructions to keep quiet.

She told guests, including John Smith and his wife, and the editors of the *Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Mirror* and *People*, that she never read the *Mirror*. She then shocked everyone by asking loudly if Marje Proops was dead; praising Margaret Thatcher, saying how she hated the tabloid press and, when John Smith made a short after-lunch speech, sticking her fingers in both ears.

Later that same day Lady Clark attended the *Mirror* cocktail party at the Pembroke Hotel and continued to tell everyone how she had never read the *Mirror*. She questioned senior members of staff as to what they did, and even mistook editor Richard Stott's wife Penny, an attractive blonde, for Margaret Beckett, the deputy leader of the Labour party.

Three *Sun* hacks who gatecrashed the party to try to expose Lady Clark's lunchtime outbursts were about to be thrown out by security when *Mirror* director Charlie "Gorbals" Wilson stepped in. He insisted this would be too embarrassing and would delight *Sun* editor Kelvin Mackenzie even more.





HACKS at the *Observer* have been alarmed in recent weeks to see a huge mountain of rubbish piling up by the bikeshed in the car-park outside the *Observer's* office. What, they wonder, is the reason for the health hazard?

The answer is that, as part of its cost-cutting programme, the newspaper has cancelled the £5 a week it used to pay the bin-men to remove its extra garbage. No doubt the money saved will help pay for the £2 million relaunch of the *Observer* magazine which has been hugely successful. Not.

MICHAEL COLE, the grotesquely overpaid (£85,000) chief letter writer to Mohammed Fayed, is keeping busy: two stories about Harrods in the *Independent*'s diary brought a flood of furious communication from the bouffant-haired smoothie.

He demanded a retraction of stories about the latest role of staff at Horrids: filling in as cheering customers when celebrities like Nigel Mansell or Melvyn Bragg came to visit at the court of Fayed. The retraction not forthcoming, Cole wrote pompously to inform the *Independent* that neither the shop nor its suppliers would ever advertise with the paper again.

In letters to all the paper's directors he demanded the head of Alex Renton, the diary editor, for his vendetta against Horrids, and wrote to Renton telling him to go and learn to be a proper journalist in Sarajevo. (Cole had to leave his proper job as BBC royal correspondent in 1987 for leaking the Queen's Christmas message to the tabloids.)

The *Independent* finally ran a piece recording Horrids' investigations into the stories, which "reveal that staff have never been asked to pose as customers". Unmollified, Cole banned any contact between Horrids and the *Independent*. So when Simon Garfield, a features writer, turned up at the store with a photographer to watch Garrison Keillor do a reading, various sidekicks tried to throw him out.

Eventually Cole let Garfield stay, but not the photographer. Garfield duly recorded Cole's excited question to Keillor: "Is it true that you based Lake Wobegon on a real town in Canada?" "No", said Keillor. Garfield received yet another letter, flogging him for his deplorable journalism.

THE *Sunday Times* last week reported how Barbara Jones, former chief reporter of the *Mail on Sunday*, had handed over to the director of public prosecutions (DPP) an affidavit from former *News of the World* editor, Barry Askew, which shows Sonia Sutcliffe, the wife of the Yorkshire Ripper, was paid a great deal 10 years ago for her story by the *News of the World*.

The last *Eye* had already revealed this scandal and Mrs Jones's involvement in it.

The agency that handled the payment was the Fleet Street News Agency, run by John Rogers, a former employer of Barbara Jones and a previous benefactor of Sonia Sutcliffe (see *Eyes passim*).

Thus Askew, Jones and Rogers, together with the *News of the World*'s former features editor, Stewart Kuttner, were all aware of the perjury committed by Mrs Sutcliffe in the libel action she initiated against the *Eye*. They collectively failed to come forward and say anything. If the payment had been revealed to the *Eye*, Mrs Sutcliffe would never have won her record-breaking damages.

Mrs Jones explained to the *Sunday Times* that because of our articles about her she had not felt like helping the *Eye*. And what were the *Eye* articles about? Mrs Jones's double-dealing with us, and her subsequent refusal to help the DPP prosecute Mrs Sutcliffe. The fact that she is now finally going to cooperate with the law to see justice done is no reason to think any better of her.

WHILE the government's mad plan to sack 30,000 unsubsidised coal miners has grabbed the headlines, hardly a word has been heard about the plan to get rid of at least 10,000 jobs in the four divisions of the publicly-owned Property Services Agency — and pay a hefty subsidy, to boot.

Who will get the subsidy? Step forward the lucky directors of Tarmac Construction, whose loyalty to the Tory party has far exceeded its annual cheque to party funds. It was Tarmac, *remember, who* agreed to take Cecil Parkinson on board after the little bother he had with Sara Keays.

Anyway, times are bad for Tarmac now and its projected losses this year are £84 million. But here's a coincidence: the government is offering a straight tax-free payment of £50 million to Tarmac if it is good enough to take over the PSA's projects division. When Tarmac complained that it would have to make most of the division's 925 workers redundant, the government agreed at once and then offered another £34m to put in the redundancy kitty — £50 million plus £34 million making, er, £84 million.

AS IF THE government didn't have enough problems, its crazy plan to privatise the railways will soon create extra havoc.

In the boom days of 1986, when it would have been possible to flog off just about anything, the father of privatisation, Nicholas Ridley, then transport minister, confided to BR chairman Sir Robert Reid that rail privatisation was a daft idea and should be shelved.

Now there is a full-blown recession, the government couldn't give BR away, let alone sell it, as the Tories will discover when their lunoid scheme for "franchising" (ie fragmenting) rail services falls on its nose.

The impetus behind rail privatisation comes from the treasury, which still hopes there could be some cash in it. However, the treasury has only to wait for the arrival of John MacGregor (surely it can't be long) as chancellor. Before he leaves transport, his officials will present him with the results of their latest homework. That will show that rail privatisation will cost the taxpayer £450 million a year *more* than the present BR set-up.

The main items are an increase in the wage bill (the four quangos replacing BR will employ 30 percent more staff) and an increase in subsidy, because private operators need to earn a higher rate of return than nationalised industries. Treasury chief secretary and rabid privatiser Michael Portillo should not be too astonished. When he was minister of public transport, he was very keen on Trafalgar House building and operating the Channel tunnel rail link — until, that is, he the group wanted a £1,000 million subsidy.

Michael Heseltine's generosity in offering thirtysomething thousand a head in redundancy to 30,000 unwanted miners — whose efficiency, incidentally, is the highest in Europe — should be compared with the generosity of Trafalgar House shareholders who are expected to pay their two mediocre bosses, Sir Nigel Broackes and Sir Eric Parker, £1 million each, should they become redundant.

HOW "comradely" is a solicitor's letter? The question is much on the minds of hacks at the centre-left Labour rag *Tribune* who received one from lawyers acting for the Labour party.

Walworth Road called in Messrs Sue Grabbit & Runne after an article in *Tribune* suggested that the party's recent love affair with Europe might not be unrelated to allegations that the Shadow Communications Agency (the overpaid image consultants who lost Labour the last election) had been funded by illicitly channelled Euro-dosh.

When initially contacted by the party's irate general-secretary, Larry Whitty, *Tribune* hacks offered a right of reply. This didn't satisfy Witless or his *apparatchiks*, and the expensive letters started to fly. *Tribune* stuck to its guns, however, and made no apology or retraction. Since then not a peep has been heard from Wally Road or its lawyers.

DEFENCE procurement minister Jonathan Aitken should brief himself better on his department's house-keeping.

On a recent visit to the Clyde submarine base in Scotland, Aitken proudly stated that the Trident programme was "on time and within budget". A cursory reading of the treasury supply estimates for MoD spending in 1992/3 would have shown him otherwise.

Three key Trident construction projects at the Clyde base had encountered delays of up to two years with exponential hikes in cost: the shiplift at Faslane up to £349m from an original estimate of £132m; the explosives handling jetty at Coulport (for loading missiles on to the submarines) up to £273m from £118m; and the Faslane finger jetty (for loading torpedoes) up from £25m to £76m.

Meanwhile the production of Trident warheads in a purpose-built £500m-plus complex at the Atomic Weapons Establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire, has been set back more than three years after a commissioning cock-up led to the corrosion of the extensive network of pipes, valves and tanks in the waste treatment building. The additional bill for that foul-up can only be guessed at.

AT THE appalling Jeffrey Archer's conference party, the government minister with a lady on each arm turned away by the host himself, the *Eye* can reveal, was none other than Jonathan Aitken, minister for defence procurement.

Perhaps this was just as well as Archer only serves Krug champagne at his conference gatherings, greeting sycophantic guests with the vulgar inquiry: "Krug good enough for you?" Those who judged the champagne at "Fatty" Hesketh's party to be of better quality received this explanation: "Jeffrey serves non-vintage Krug. I serve Pol Roger 1985."

WHEN Greater London Young Conservatives voted on "Conservative of the Year", nominations included Margaret Thatcher (the winner, natch) and Norman Tebbit. But the person who ran Thatch a close second was Don Foster — the Liberal Democrat who defeated former Tory party chairman Chris Patten in Bath.

"Me Tarzan. You fired"

A TIRED and emotional Connor Pickering, the chairman of the Conservative students' organisation CCF who has an office at the party's Smith Square HQ, saw Norman Lamont being interviewed by hacks in the lobby of the Grand Hotel. Undeterred by the chancellor's cabinet status, Pickering approached the group and loudly exclaimed: "You're full of shit! When are you going to resign?"

JOHN MAJOR'S physical and mental health is fast becoming a source of much speculation. Major was seen to be shaking like a leaf when he declared a new suite open at the Grand Hotel during the Brighton conference — in front of a meek audience of a dozen chambermaids.

No less a sage than Lord Deedes is convinced we will soon hear an announcement from Downing Street along the lines of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation soon after the Suez crisis, to the effect that the prime minister is retiring due to ill health.

'Backbiter'

THE NEW GIRLS:
Judith Chaplin

WHEN THE new Conservative member for Newbury, Sybil Judith Chaplin (52), appeared on *Question Time* last week, she clearly had an awkward position to defend regarding pit closures.

Chaplin is a natural loyalist with particular loyalties to John Major. Hence her half-hearted defence of the decision, arguing that it was tactically rather than strategically incorrect, and that the closures should be phased in over a longer period.

Nonetheless when someone of Chaplin's aspirations to office is prepared to offer such criticism, things must certainly have come to a pretty pass. And Chaplin, already in her fifties, can hardly afford the indiscretions of a young member.

Educated at Wycombe Abbey and Girton College, Cambridge, she has a Joyce Grenfellish air. After working as a farmer and serving as a Norfolk county councillor in the late 1970s, she won a place on the committee that looked into teachers' pay. She also put in three years at the Conservative research department, first on the social security desk, then as head of the economic section. This was followed by a string of special adviser posts, under Lawson and Major at the treasury and subsequently as Major's political secretary for a year or so (her appointment was seen as a sop to critics of his lack of female cabinet appointees).

While at Downing Street she fell out with Sarah Hogg, head of the home policy unit, over the vexed issue of who exactly was to open and respond to all the incoming mail, though she was soon spending as much time as possible in Newbury cultivating Sir Michael McNair-Wilson's 16,000 majority. Since being selected she has been a crown of thorns to them.

First a letter was leaked to her Liberal Democrat opponent, David Rendel. Written by Chaplin on Downing Street notepaper, it was addressed to civil servant Tony Kerpel, asking him to help her with some tricky inquiries from Rendel, and it soon found its way into the local press: "Dear Tony, I am sorry to bother you with constituency things, but I need the votes!... If you can help me on all these matters, you will be my friend for ever."

As an economics expert, she caused much merriment when she greeted last January's unemployment figures of 2.6 million with the observation that "unemployment gets better".

Her first appearance on national TV was a choice incident, up against Shirley Williams on *Newsnight.* Her churlish disposition so disgusted Lord Ritchie of Dundee that he wrote a letter to *The Indescribably-boring* complaining about her "dismissive and arrogant" attitude towards the former Labour education secretary. She has not made much of a mark in the House, though she can claim the distinction of being the first Tory backbencher to be slapped down by John Smith in his new role as leader of the opposition when Parliament was recalled to debate the economic crisis. Toadying to Major and Lamont, she accused Smith of talking down the pound. Smith replied that he had been waiting for someone to pin the blame for the disaster on him and that Chaplin had not disappointed him.

Chaplin rented a cottage locally for the election campaign, though she has since given this up and bunks down at a friend's house in the area at weekends. She claims to be looking for a permanent residence close to the constituency, though perhaps she is waiting for house prices to slump yet further.

Grovel

ONE MAXWELL pensioner who seems to have done better than the others is Cap'n Bob's widow, Elisabeth.

While Betty may profess penury, she does so from the lavish confines of the old crook's former bunker at Headington Hill Hall, Oxford, an agreeably large mansion on the edge of the city.

Indeed, I can reveal that Cap'n Bob, with the help of Labour-run Oxford city council, entered into a secret and characteristically complex leasing agreement which assigned part of the lease of the house to his wife until 1999.

The hall, with its residential and business accommodation (the latter now used by Pergamon) are valuable assets to the city, and many have marvelled how since 1959 Maxwell was able to lease the property for so little. In 1976 Maxwell, plus Robert Maxwell and Co Ltd, are believed to have surrendered the lease for just £8,500 in favour of Betty Maxwell, with a nominal rent payable to Pergamon.

His widow, for the duration of the headlease anyway, thus has a substantial asset should she ever be disposed to surrender her lease to a third party.

What public debate was there over the generous terms of the lease? Apparently none. And nor can anyone at the council — not the press office, the chief executive's office nor the planning department — throw any light on the matter.

No doubt Oxford city Labour party will be able to furnish a simple explanation of a transaction with their most infamous benefactor.

● *LONDON'S meeja community was agog last week with the royal procession of Graydon Carter, newly-crowned editor of Vanity Fair.*

Carter was billeted at the Connaught, while 14 of his staff were provided with marginally less luxurious quarters at the Lanesborough. Tuesday night's grand dinner for a hundred movers and shakers (and assorted deadbeats, hangers-on, sycophants etc.) at the Bombay Brasserie was the occasion of some ribald and demented behaviour.

One diner was somewhat taken aback when he asked the blonde lady sitting next to him who she was: "I'm Taki's mistress," explained the lady. "I've been with him for a year." Her presence in the room, however, did not deter the seedy Greek glue-sniffer from groping the left breast of novelist Edna O'Brien.

The barking Nigel Dempster announced that he would refuse to give any mention to Vanity Fair "within my vast media empire" so long as it retained the services of international troublemaker Francis Wheen, who recently extracted an apology from the former GLE. As Vanity Fair's executive editor Elise O'Shaugnessy trilled: "I just love the way you English have all your sub-text out in the open."

Graydon was as charming as ever; but were it not for his well-cut suit from Savile Row tailors Anderson & Shepherd, he would have vied with GQ editor Michael VerMeulen for the much-coveted award of most circumferentially-challenged person at the party.

MY FRIEND Donald "Pixie" Trelford must have been mortified at *The Sun*'s attack on his newspaper ("the *Obscener*) after he published those cheesecake Madonna photographs, for Kelvin McKenzie took the opportunity to print yet again the embarrassing picture of "Pixie" cuddling up to Pamela Bordes.

Meanwhile *Observer* readers, both of them, may have been mystified by the attention devoted to the authoress Gael Elton Mayo in recent times.

MY ARISTOCRATIC chums are all snorting with mockery and disdain at the absurd list of Britain's 1,000 Most Socially Significant People in the new issue of *Tatler*.

But its publication has caused gnashing of teeth in the household of Eve Pollard, aka Lady Lloyd, who has been dismayed to find that her frenetic social mountaineering has not secured her a place in *Tatler*'s A-list.

The snub would be easier to bear if the Power Couples listed (Conrad Black and Barbara Amiel, Lucinda Lambton and Peregrine Worsthorne) did not include *Express* diarist Ross Benson and his *Majesty*-editing wife Ingrid Seward. I fancy that Ingrid may have sold her last "Fergie Wants Andrew Back" story to la Bollard.

Still, there is some consolation for her ladyship in the French magazine *Point de Vue*, which has for some reason chosen to illustrate a long article on "Noblesse et Titres du Royaume-Uni" with a photograph of Sir Nick and Lady Bollard. Apparently the Frogs believe that this couple — "*individus à sang bleu*" — embody all the qualities of "*la* gentry *anglaise*".

L'insigne de chevalier ou « badge » (c'est le sens primitif du mot), présenté par sir Nicholas Lloyd, ici avec son épouse.

Last weekend's *Observer*, for example, carried an obituary of the authoress on page seven, a news page, and the by-line was "D.T". In the past, Trelford has thrust one of Mayo's books at literary editor Michael Ratcliffe demanding that it be reviewed, and another article about Mayo was altered to her advantage by Trelford at page-proof stage.

The reason for this immense personal interest in Mayo is Trelford's long-standing respect for her daughter, Georgia de Chambertin, one of Naim Atallah's Quartet lovelies.

● *WITH strong hints of changes to the generous civil list, fun-loving Prince Andrew is already tightening his belt.*

The golfing prince is also sewing up his pockets, it seems, judging by his recent appearance at the Mall Galleries where he opened a charity cartoon sale to raise funds for the starving of Somalia.

Andrew toured the donated exhibits, dozens and dozens of which were on sale for a modest £75 each, only a tiny fraction of them sporting pre-sold red dots. In characteristically generous royal mood, Andrew told the assembled throng that he would have bought one — but the only ones he liked had already been sold.

With a Fergie-sized divorce settlement in the offing, the starving of Somalia will have to look elsewhere for help. But it was soon Andrew's turn to blush when the CARE spokesman, after thanking the prince for turning up, went on to praise extravagently the Daily Mirror for its coverage of the African tragedy. Of course the tabloid also led the way in the pix-of-Fergie's-tits storm, and Andrew, at the mere mention of the paper, turned redder than the Mirror masthead.

Pip Pip!

Pseuds Corner

***Sex* is published on Wednesday, but Madonna fans will have to wait three weeks for the first academic treatise on their heroine.** *The Madonna Connection: Representational Politics, Subcultural Identities and Cultural Theory.*

Observer

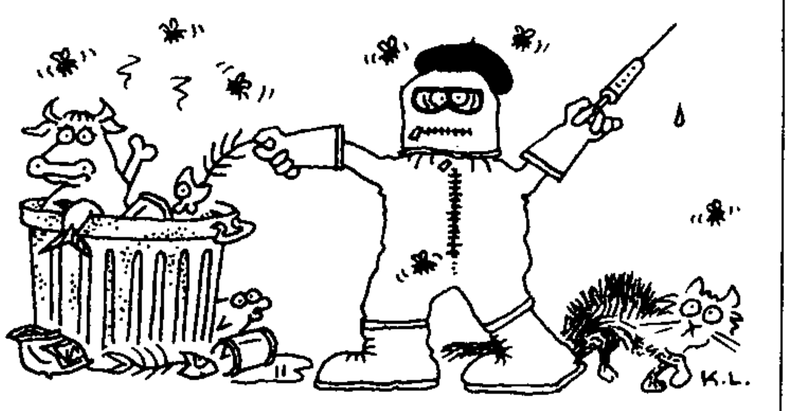
Personnel & Training Manager [of the Bristol & West] Gwen Clark explained: "We aim to recruit upper quartile management and staff and have a compensation architecture in place to reward them accordingly."

Recruitment Review

The tiny city of St David's, on the most westerly tip of Wales, is a spiritual power point, as you can feel almost as soon as you arrive there...

... But find some sunlit corner around the back of the ruined Bishop's Place, say, and you can savour something else again. Take a handful of sunshine and hold it close to your mouth and you will actually be able to taste the resurrection. Then keep perfectly still and listen to the blood moving around inside your ears or, better still, just sit and listen to the quiet pounding of your own breaking heart.

TOM DAVIES
Western Mail



I go into the studio each day but, unless I'm making something that's preplanned, I'll start deconstructing work and creating problems. So quite often I'll go out and look at steel, or find out how you get flies or how long it takes for a cow's head to rot. I know I'm not a stereotypical artist. With the fish piece I had assistants working with masks, gloves and hypodermic syringes. Then I suddenly remembered, "I'm making art."

DAMIEN HIRST
Sunday Times

To every fisherman, the very names of a river's pools have an irresistible magic. Try these, from the Naver: Dal Mallart, Dal Harrald, the Round Pool, Cruives Flats, the Stables, the Potato Park, Jessons. Not convinced? Sometimes in winter, gazing out on the sweeping panorama of the Isle of Dogs, I keep my sanity my thinking about the whirls and eddies in each of them.

MAX HASTINGS
The Spectator

CONTRIBUTORS: E. Strobes, Mike Wilson, 'A Reader', Jenny Billingsley, Michael Grosvenor Myer.

£10 paid for entries

NOOKS and CORNERS

IN *EYE* 791, I discussed the case of Kidderminster public library, a decent Victorian building amid modern mediocrity which Hereford and Worcester county council is determined to destroy.

Writing of the "triple institute of literature, science and art" — the old schools of art and science and the public library — Pevsner noted: "The three buildings almost create a civic centre. A pity no more was made of them." An even greater pity that local government bureaucrats are disinclined to make any positive use of them and prefer to build a new library somewhere in the middle of a nice new shopping centre.

Earlier this year the 1870s buildings were briefly listed, grade II — briefly, because the DoE suddenly remembered that it had earlier obliged the county council with one of those highly dubious certificates of immunity from listing. This expires in September 1993, so time is running out...

Despite local opposition and mercy pleas from English Heritage, and regardless of the fact that it knows they are clearly of listable quality, the county is planning to demolish the buildings even before planning permission for a replacement building has been obtained and, indeed, before the sale of the site has been completed.

Last month English Heritage wrote to Mr R.W. Cheney, county property officer, to demonstrate how the present buildings could easily be converted into a new library and at a cost lower than that estimated by the county. It was asked that this be brought to the attention of committee members. Naturally Mr Cheney declined to oblige.

Soon the property committee meets to decide the fate of the library. Will it choose to sweep away one of the very few buildings that enhance the centre of poor Kidderminster, and ignore the fact that Britain is now littered with unlet new retail developments? With a local authority so dim and philistine, nothing would surprise me.

NATURALLY Hereford and Worcester county council is a strong candidate for this year's Macmillan Prize for the worst local authority (along with its supine sidekick, Wyre district council, which declines to declare a conservation area in the centre of Kidderminster).

But I am becoming increasingly aware of the unmatched stupidity and barbarism of Renfrew district council.

Renfrew looks after Paisley, a town which, as the Neasden of Strathclyde, is the butt of jokes by Glaswegians but which was once, in fact, a centre of civilization. It could be again.

As Vanduara, Paisley was a distant outpost of the Roman empire. More recently, it indirectly gave Civilization to the world in the elegant form of TV's My Lord Clark, who was descended from one of the two families that ran the great thread-manufacturing mills that dominated the town in the 19th century. For there were the Clarks and, above all, the Coats family, which richly endowed the town with magnificent public buildings for the physical and cultural benefit of its citizens.

The great thread mills are now silent, but even though run down and beaten up by roads, like most Scottish towns, Paisley has a stupendous skyline and could still be a memorably handsome town. There is Oakshaw, a winding street in the upper town filled with 18th and 19th century buildings. But half of these are derelict and many sites empty. For instead of cherishing and protecting this area, Renfrew district council prefers to concentrate on wrecking the town's main streets with new and stunningly bad shopping centres. Now, to add insult to injury, the councillors are allowing the elders of the mid-18th century High Church to make the churchyard, full of really fine tombstones, into a wretched car park.

But the final tragedy is the demolition of the Ferguslie No 1 Spinning Mill, which began last month. This huge red-brick and stone fireproof building of 1887 was the greatest symbol of the prestige and productivity of Messrs J & P Coats. After years of trying, Renfrew at last obtained listed building consent to demolish from the secretary of state despite the fact that this "eyesore" is listed grade A and that it is a magnificent and potentially useful structure which could be used for small industries or converted into flats. Instead, the site is to be cleared and covered with twee Noddy boxes by an obliging developer.

Do these blinkered, pathetic councillors not realise that buildings like the Ferguslie Mill can be the focus of and the catalyst for urban regeneration? Have they not heard of what has happened at Saltaire, or at the Dean Clough Mill in Halifax — those great success stories of creative reuse of industrial buildings? Probably not. All these narrow, provincial, self-hating apparatchiks can think of is eliminating anything glorious or beautiful that survives from Paisley's past to reduce the town to a common drab mediocrity.

Poor Vanduara. Come back Antoninus Pius, all is forgiven! No conqueror, no Vandal, could do more harm than Renfrew district council.

● I have been asked to point out that the "Bristol architect called Philips" to whom I referred in the last *Eye* is *not* Niall Phillips Architects, who have a practice in the city, but William Philips. I am happy to make this clear and apologise for any confusion.

'Piloti'

Sally Deedes

THE FORD CARES PACKAGE, which the motor manufacturer offers its "valued" customers, includes a year's membership of the RAC. But do Ford or the RAC really care? Not much, it seems, if the example of pensioner Sid Blanch is anything to go by.

Early last year Londoner Mr Blanch received, along with his new Fiesta, the generous Ford package. In September he and his wife went on holiday to Galway, Ireland, to visit their daughter. En route they stayed in Dolgellau, Wales, where Mr Blanch went for a walk on the beach and fell, breaking his leg in three places and badly damaging his spine, resulting in a 10-day hospital stay.

Rather than return home, the couple decided to press on to their destination in Ireland. Because Mrs Blanch does not drive and Mr Blanch was unable to, the couple had to make use of their RAC membership.

The RAC in London said that since it was through Ford that Mr Blanch had received his membership, the RAC and Ford between them should get the couple on to their destination. Mrs Blanch was to ring the Welsh RAC office and the Belfast office would do the rest. Accordingly a low-loader took them to Holyhead.

Unfortunately when they disembarked at Dun Laoghaire on a cold wet evening, no one was there to meet them and Mr Blanch had to sit on the quayside in his wheelchair. The Belfast RAC office admitted that it knew of his case but said it had mislaid the time and date of his arrival. It did, however, authorise the local tourist office to fix up a low-loader, but not before Mr Blanch handed over all his holiday money: £332.

It has taken nearly a year to have that money reimbursed: any attempt to get it back has been met with continual buck-passing between Ford and the RAC.

In November last year, the RAC's rescue service manager, George Fulton, wrote: "I apologise for the inconvenience you experienced as the Belfast office was not informed of the date and time of your arrival in the Republic of Ireland. Normally this type of assistance is not arranged or reimbursements made to normal RAC members unless a specific EuroIreland cover has been taken out. However in the case a special consideration has been given from the Ford Motor Company and I have sent the invoice to them so that reimbursement may be made directly to you."

The only correspondence Mr Blanch received from Ford, however, was a duplicated letter to all new car owners extolling the delights of the Ford/RAC link-up. "However reliable your Ford is," it gushed, "it's always reassuring to know that you have the back-up you need in a motoring emergency!"

In March Mr and Mrs Blanch received a letter from RAC head office in London: "We have been assured by the Ford Incident Manager that no promise of recovery costs over and above the UK entitlement had been made." They were therefore "unable to reimburse these costs and were disappointed that somebody completely unconnected with the organisation had lead you to expect such action."

Soon after the *Eye* telephoned the RAC to point out the contradiction in its two letters, a Mr Armstrong rang to say they the RAC was sorry about the delay (now nearly a year) and that a cheque was in the post. And the reason for the delay? "Bad administration on our part."

LIBEL NEWS

THE *New Statesman*'s recent run of legal disasters seemed to be continuing last week when the mag had to apologise in the high court to four Merseyside policemen and pay them "a substantial sum by way of damages and costs". But all was not as it seemed.

The four officers, who had been egged on and underwritten by their union, the Police Federation, were in fact paid a total of just £500 each, in full and final settlement of damages and costs. Meanwhile the federation is left with a legal bill estimated at up to £20,000. Some victory!

Even before this debacle, some rozzers were unhappy at the cost of their union's enthusiasm for litigation in recent years. One trusts the federation has now learned its lesson.

TV

Good Morning
(BBC 1)

IT IS ONE of Square Eyes' most reliable rules of television that any programme regularly featuring the phrase "But/ and on a lighter note..." will be squirm-making: real two-haemorrhoid viewing.

By its presence, this phrase — the most rickety link since the bridge at San Luis Rey — betrays the producer's belief that the serious and the trivial can be mashed together within a single format. Generally, they can't. What happens is that the heavy stuff sounds apologetic and the light stuff appears inappropriate.

In a further confirmation of the rule, the link is a major ingredient in the structural glue of *Good Morning*, the BBC's latest shot at the tricky elevenses slot, which reunites Anne Diamond and Nick Owen, the Hansel and Gretel of morning television, for the first time since they saved TV-am.

Vapid but gamine Anne puts on a sad face to recall the previous morning's item on a woman, Terri, who had discussed her painful relationship problems with Clare Rayner (the programme's original choice of agony aunt). "Terri rang in to say it really helped her to share her feelings... thanks to Anne, Nick and Clare...!"

"But on a lighter note," says wet but friendly Nick, putting on a happy face, "Mrs Killock from Suffolk rang to ask if anyone has a kangaroo suit complete with pouch, for a school play..." At this, Anne, too, is licensed to smile.

The divisions are absolute. Family relationships, for example, are carefully separated into heavy and light. A geriatric dad is funny-haha: "A special hello to Jimmy in Wiltshire, a grandfather, who's just become a dad again at the age of 78..." However, a homosexual mum is funny-peculiar: "And we'll be talking to the lesbian couple who fostered 50 children..." The wrinkly impregnator prompted from Anne and Nick only a jokey competition to guess what relation Jimmy's kid would be to his grandchildren. But the dyke housewives were subject to a serious discussion of their behaviour with an expert present. Why not a debate on the problems of children with elderly parents and a jokey competition to guess what a child might call its mummy's femalelover? Because to do so would be depart from the middle-class, *Daily Mail* family values the show obeys.

Coveting cosiness, *Good Morning* becomes tense at any

threat of edge. For example, the producers — perhaps unwilling to admit to themselves immediately how emasculated the programme needs to be — have hired Britain's Greatest Living Television Critic, Jaci Stephen, to preview the forthcoming programmes every Thursday. As numerous trembling editors of family newspapers have discovered, Ms Stephen rarely goes long in any new assignment without mentioning sex and, in most, has forced fellatio down the audience's throat in pretty short order.

Within one minute of her latest assignment, Jaci had informed Anne and Nick that Michael Palin's new series featured a "great shot of his bum". Stunned into complicity, Nick found himself repeating the word "bum", but Anne, with better antennae for the market, rapidly inserted the word "bottom".

A clip was quickly played in which Palin was asked by an exotic local to play some music by someone called "Larry Fannigan". Back in the studio, Jaci, on her usual track, quipped: "I think he was making an obscene suggestion!" Shifting nervously, Nick pointed out: "I think he might have been trying to say Lonnie Donnegan..." The main reason to go on watching *Good Morning* is to see the reaction of Anne and Nick when Jaci mentions blow jobs for the first time. ("Er, I think you're talking about Duke Ellington, aren't you...?")

The only other reason to persevere is that the programme provides a remarkable example of the BBC's weak-kneed desire to copy ITV. If you had difficulty guessing what relationship Jimmy of Wiltshire's child would be to his grandchildren, try working out the relationship between *Good Morning* and *This Morning*, the Granada show which runs opposite it on ITV. And — on a lighter note — the answer is that the relationship is completely incestuous.

This Morning is hosted by Judy Finnigan and Richard Madeley, who are married. Anne and Nick aren't but look as if they are: they are famous for appearing on TV together and gaze in to each other's eyes on screen. The marital simulacrum they offer was the nearest the BBC could get to Richard and Judy.

Of course, the main difference is that *Good Morning*, being on the BBC, doesn't have advertisements. But even here the corporation has found a way of copying. The longer, light and heavy items are split by brief recipes and plugs for other BBC programmes: pseudo-advertisements. How sad to see the BBC as a mere wannabe, and how sad to see — *This Morning*, with Richard and Judy — what it wannstabe.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

IN CONDITIONS of great secrecy *Panorama* is preparing a documentary on a subject dangerously close to home — the BBC.

Reporter Steve Bradshaw and producer Emily Smythe have already interviewed John Birt's former lieutenant Ian Hargreaves, now the deputy editor of the *Financial Times*, who has delivered some candid thoughts on the direction in which his ex-boss is leading the Beeb. ("Hargreaves knows where the bodies are buried," as one BBC hack observes.) Other critical voices in the programme will include David Attenborough and, possibly, David Mellor.

Senior executives are already in a flap about the programme. Will Wyatt, BBC TV's managing director, issued an edict last week that any staff at the Beeb who are "approached" by *Panorama* hacks should refuse to say anything without permission from their superiors.

Quite why *Panorama*'s new editor, Glenwyn Benson, has commissioned the film is a bit of a mystery. If, in deference to her masters, she eventually leaves all the anti-Birt material on the cutting-room floor, she will face the wrath of her colleagues. But if the knocking copy stays in, she will face the wrath of Birt. Either way she is almost certain to end up in hot water. Editing will commence at the end of this month: expect a huge row soon afterwards.

LYNDA LA PLANTE's claim that her crash-bang-wallop drama series *Civvies* is an accurate portrayal of the Parachute regiment is looking increasingly threadbare.

Last week the *Daily Telegraph* revealed that the real-life model for one of the characters (a man who had his larynx removed after being shot in the throat), had been horrified to see himself portrayed as a drunken, suicidal rapist.

Meanwhile the drama's producer and director, Ruth Caleb and Karl Francis, were desperately reshooting and reediting the final episode to remove some of the more blatant errors in a Belfast scene. It was pointed out, for instance, that the Paras would not be allowed to interview women and children — as shown in the film — without at least one female soldier being present. In desperation, the *Civvies* team rang the London office of 10th Para and asked if they could supply some "female personnel". The reply consisted of two words, the second of which was "off".

In defending the "authenticity" of the series, la Plante and her director have pointed out that they retained a former solider, Desmond Melbourne, as "military adviser". Oddly, the army can find no trace of any Desmond Melbourne in its records. A clerical error, no doubt.

Correction

Arts News in the last issue of *Private Eye* mistakenly referred to Mr Richard Hambro as treasurer of the National Art Collections Fund, a post held by Mr Rupert Hambro. We would like to apologise for any confusion caused.

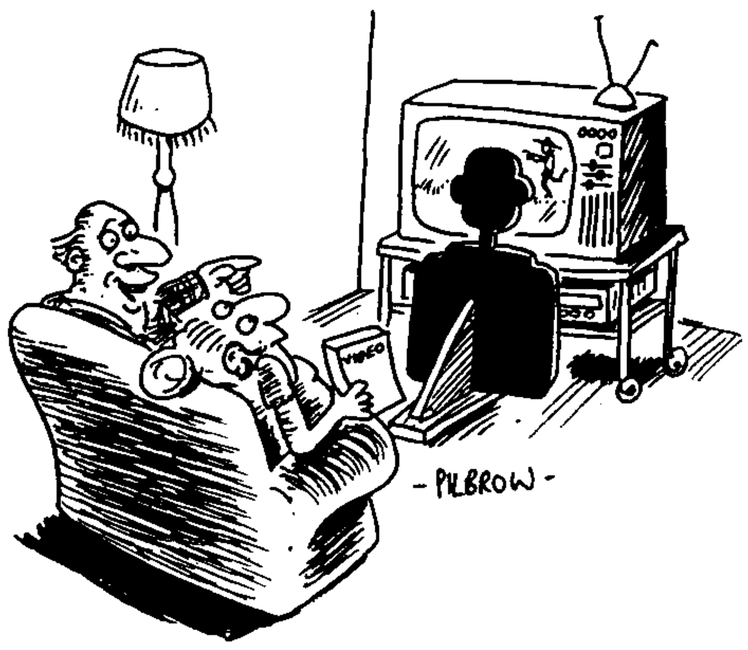
CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"WHAT'S UP, FORD?"
BAR
"I'M SAYING YOU MALE BOSSES PUT WOMEN'S LOOKS BEFORE THEIR TALENT!...
AND I'M DEMANDING YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!"
"OH, RIGHT...
YOU'RE SACKED!"
"Treble El Dorado on the Rocks all round!"
Ken Pyne

DAVID MANNION showed a chronic lack of sensitivity when he sent a memo to underlings at ITN setting out his ideas for a new Focus slot, a beefed-up "special report" that aims to tackle topics from the "how it affects me" point of view.

Stressing the need for a lively approach, Mannion, ITN's editor of ITV programmes, thought *How safe is your job?* might be a challenging subject for a trial run and wrote: "Let us find a family man who is currently still IN a job — one he used to think was safe and secure. But this is a man who is seeing, almost daily, factory lay-offs and business closures..."

Mannion's editors — the few who remain at Grays Inn Road, anyway — need look no further than within the walls of their own Glass Lubyanka to find men and women anxious for their families' well-being. The day before his memo, more than 110 ITN staff were given their marching orders, and the fear of redundancy among those still IN a job at ITN remains acute.

● *MUCH* has been made of *News at Ten*'s exciting new opening sequence which features the sumptuous offices created by architect Norman Foster. Only one thing is missing, however: a big TO LET sign, as ITN desperately tries to save rent by letting out space to new tenants.



"Now that's just like seeing it on the big screen"

GOOD NEWS at last on the satellite TV front: the number of dishes installed in September was 61,000 — 12,000 less than in August and 4,000 less than September last year.

Ray Snoddy, of the *Financial Times*, was quick to explain: the reason was the shortage of dishes in "outlets". Snoddy did not explain, however, that the *FT* is a part-owner of Sky TV. How long before the monopolies commission pays attention?

COMEDIAN Mel Smith has proved how embarrassing doing celeb TV adverts for unsavoury outfits can be. He has received an angry letter from Hove.

Residents of Holland Road were not at all amused by his droll advertisement for Southern Water which has been filling their TV screens recently. They were specially enraged by the boost for the sewage "outfall", whereby Southern Water, like South West Water (see *Eyes passim*), plans to improve Britain's coastline by filling the sea with shit.

The people of Holland Road got a whiff of the "outfall" principle in 1987 when raw sewage flooded into their homes during the hurricane. Southern Water at once refused to accept responsibility for what it called "an act of God".

This August, God struck again and the Holland Road homes were flooded (and ruined) by another tidal wave of sewage. The only contribution to the families so far from Southern Water has been 10 sandbags, most of which are being loaded up with sewage for the next time any director of the company dares show his face in Hove.

● VIRGIN MYSTERY: Can any *Eye* reader help with the purpose and work of a company of which William Courtney, chairman of Southern Water, is a director? It is called American Acquisitive Partners, and is registered mysteriously in the little-known British Virgin Islands.

HACKWATCH No 32: Garry Bushell

GORILLAGRAM-lookalike Garry Bushell is the high-profile TV critic of the *Sun*, but you could be forgiven for thinking he is the paper's thoughtful political correspondent.

He describes himself as a supporter of "British nationalism". "Like it or not," he wrote two years ago, "mass immigration is a threat to our way of life, yet those who warn of the dangers, like Enoch Powell and more recently Norman Tebbit, find themselves labelled 'fascists', 'murderers' or worse."

Whatever telly programme he is reviewing, Garry will usually find some pretext for a rant about race, nation, blood and honour. Yet Garry gets very angry if anyone suggests he is a fellow-traveller of the far right.

When a magazine reported that he had attended a fascist knees-up for pleasure, Garry sued for libel. He was there, he insisted, purely in his professional capacity. (Birthday dinners with Diana Mosley are, it seems, all part of the daily grind for a Wapping TV critic.) Even so, it is hard to see what any National Front supporter would find to disagree with in the following:

22 April: Tomorrow is St George's Day. "As usual, the BBC refuse to screen any special shows for England's patron saint," Garry fumes. "What mugs we must be, paying the BBC to insult our intelligence, our heritage and our religion."

29 April: Garry is unimpressed by a *This Week* programme claiming that British judges are too old, remote and stuck-up. "There is little wrong with British justice that wouldn't be put right by tougher laws," he opines, "including the death penalty — televised if need be. It's what voters want, but TV never puts the majority point of view."

6 May: Garry can find only one bright spot in the bank holiday weekend's viewing: *Zulu*. "Telly so rarely celebrates our glorious past that this stirring film is always a joy."

13 May: Garry rages at the "Oxbridge accents" of "Channel 4 stars" such as Ben Elton and Ruby Wax [sic]. What C4 needs is cockneys such as "the wittiest man on TV", Danny Baker.

21 May: Garry is infuriated by a programme about British mercenaries in Croatia. "Typically, the BBC tried to give the impression that all these blokes were headcases... You only had to listen to BBC Radio 4's biased army-bashing 'news coverage' of allegations against our Paras in co Tyrone this week to know where the corporation are coming from. They're anti-Western, anti-British..."

10 June: Back to his other pet subject, TV comedy. "It's absolutely crackers to ban comics from telling so-called sexist and racist gags," Garry rages — "I want to see a new generation of working-class comics break through the Oxbridge mafia."

1 July: Garry is maddened by a documentary on racialism. "The BBC are experts on race in the same way that a prostitute is an expert on love." [Eh?] He adds: "TV bosses have always mollycoddled non-Europeans... They have also suppressed all discussion of immigration."

7 July: *Eldorado* begins but Garry, ever sensitive to physical imperfection, is disappointed that the cast are so ugly. Bunny looks "pot-bellied", while Trish is "a surly Valentine with a nose like a hatchet".

15 July: More grumbles. "Telly is awash with weak, spineless blokes."

21 July: *Panorama* tackles AIDS, which gives Garry a chance to offer his own solution: "Let's teach *morality*."

26 August: Back from holiday, Garry is furious at a plotline in *EastEnders* whereby an elderly black man is robbed by two white girls. "If BBC bosses think that is reality, it's not their sets that need adjusting but their straitjackets."

27 August: After watching a "powerful drama" about the Ku Klux Klan, Garry demands: "Why don't our TV companies make shows about *British* history? There is so much courage they could dramatise. Like the heroic last battle of Sir Richard Grenville's Revenge, when one English vessel fought off a Dago fleet of 53 warships for 15 hours."

10 September: Garry enjoys a documentary about Tornado pilots in the Gulf war. "What a shame, then, that the BBC chose the same night to dig up a 44-year-old alleged 'massacre' by Our Boys in Malaya... For telly trendies it seems to be an article of faith to take the enemy side."

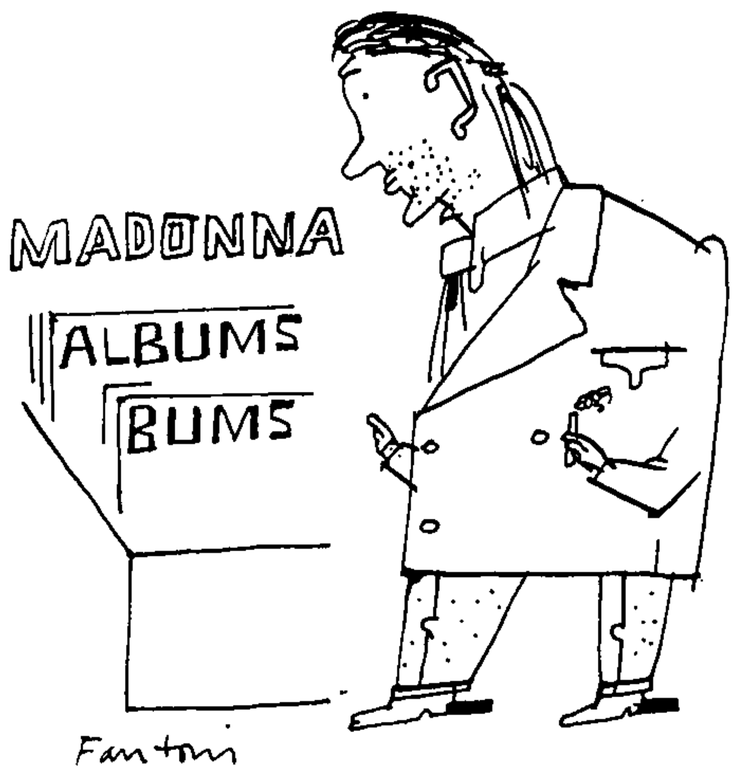
23 September: "This series stinks," is the verdict on ITV's *Before Columbus*, which is about life in America before the continent was discovered by Europeans. Garry accuses the programme of being sympathetic to "Red Indians". "Many middle-class trendies are so full of loathing and self-guilt that they back any side except ours, from Stalin to Saddam." Er, so the injuns are still the enemy, are they? Meanwhile, Garry adores *Civvies*, which "burst on to the screens last night with all the quiet decorum of an exploding Scud missile. The big fight scene made Chris Eubank's latest outing look like a quiet game of pattercake. Strong men will have flinched as ex-Para Jimmy smashed a bottle on an IRA supporter's head and rammed it up his jacksie... *Civvies* makes a welcome change. I for one salute it."

30 September: *Civvies* has been "slagged by snooty critics" but Garry still thinks it's a "cracking drama". For the male characters, "machismo isn't a dirty word but a watchword for honour, loyalty and courage."

1 October: Our hero is given two pages of the *Sun* for "My Plan To Save the Nation". This includes some familiar refrains: "It is obscene that immigrants are housed ahead of families who have lived here for generations." He also proposes cutting off all aid to Somalia: "Charity must begin and end at home." The House of Lords should be abolished, since "the idea of hereditary power is as dated as the penny-farthing. Why should you have a say in government because of what some distant ancestor achieved? People should be judged on their merits — not their family tree." But the crown must survive. "Like most British people I love our Queen. The monarchy is at the very heart of Britain." Clearly, no one has told poor dim Garry that the monarchy too works on the hereditary principle.

7 October: Yet more praise for Lynda la Plante's *Civvies*, which "made a change from the wimpish blokes we get in most TV drama. Odd isn't it that it's taken a woman to write strong male roles? I'd like to la Plante a kiss on both her cheeks."

14 October: Disaster and disillusion: one of the characters in *Civvies* turns out to be gay, and Garry is forced to join the snooty critics. "When Jimmy planted a kiss on Frank and meant it, my sympathy for this controversial series went straight out of the window." Besides, now he comes to think of it, the drama was too crude anyway. "*Civvies* would have been so much better with a touch of earthy humour and *subtlety*." Subtlety? Like the quiet decorum of an exploding Scud missile, perhaps?



DOING THE ROUNDS

SIR BERNARD Tomlinson's eagerly awaited outpourings on London's health provision have not been helped by a noticeably warped submission from South East Thames regional health authority.

SETRHA encompasses three teaching hospitals (**St Thomas's**; **King's**; and **Guy's**), all vying for survival. The original submission named St Thomas's for closure, but this was later withdrawn. The re-submission proposed that the axe should fall on either St Thomas's or Guy's, but was heavily in favour of Guy's survival. This seems curious given the financial health of the rival hospitals.

St Thomas's has more good quality building stock than either Guy's or King's. In the last financial year (to March 1992), King's had an underlying deficit of £10 million, whereas St Thomas's managed a slight surplus in addition to paying off some of its creditors. The extent of Guy's deficit is not publicly known. Its accounts were due by June and the obligatory annual public meeting to announce them was not held by the end of September, in contravention of trust statutes.

For the current financial year, King's is £6.7 million overspent despite a £3.2 million bail-out from SETRHA. Guy's refuses to announce its overspend (rumoured to be at least £6 million), although it has received a £4.2 million bail-out. St Thomas's does not anticipate any overspend, despite only receiving £1.5 million from SETRHA.

Why is St Thomas's being so harshly treated? Could it be because chairman (Peter Barker) and vice-chairman (Professor Peter Higgins) of SETRHA were previously in Guy's employ? Or perhaps because the regional general manager (Gerry Green, *Eye* 803) and his deputy belong to King's? Indeed, of the 44 senior members of SETRHA, only two have connections with St Thomas's.

Sir Bernard might find more reliable pointers as to how NHS resources should be relocated if he ponders the bill for general managers' wages. These rose from £25.7 million in 1987 to £251.5 million in 1991, coinciding with a rise in NHS managers from 700 to 13,200 to implement the reforms.

Further evidence of the crumbling morale at the NHS trust flagship came at the sparsely attended Guy's biennial dinner, which included just five graduates from the last four years. Those who forked out £40 for a tepid school meal were relieved to hear that Guy's boasts at least one profitable concern — the Piece of Cake, a cholesterol-rich *patisserie* next to the local W.H. Smith. The hospital is giving space to a healthier venture, the Piece of Nan, while the defunct Keats Restaurant is shortly to resurface as a MacDonalds.

● LACK OF parking spaces at **Bath's Royal United Hospital** continues to cause problems. An anaesthetist attending an emergency on the labour ward was forced to park on a grass verge. Emerging to find his car had been clamped, he threatened to resign unless the £25 release fee was reimbursed. The hospital refused and duly found itself minus an anaesthetist — and minus £32 when it subsequently settled the matter out of court.

● ALL CHANGE in **Gloucestershire**: Jackie "J.C." Clarke (*Eye* 803), manager of Gloucester's opting-out community health unit, has opted out herself to travel around the world with her partner. "If I stayed, I would become chief executive of the new trust status unit," she modestly announced, though this was doubtful because of her Rambo-style management. **South West RHA's** regional general manager, Catherine "Hatchet" Hawkins (*Eyes passim*), has also decided to hang up her axe and join her loyal chairman "Sir" Charles Stuart in retirement (See Letters, *Eye* 803). This unexpected announcement follows an ultimatum from the incoming chairman Rennie Fritchie, a friend of **Wessex** RGM and Hawkins-critic Ken Jarrold.

● IN **EAST SUSSEX**, managers at **Conquest Hospital** (part of **Hastings and Rother NHS Trust**) have come up with a novel fundraiser. Doctors on call who lock themselves out of their rooms are charged £25 for readmission, whereas those who lose their keys have £120 automatically deducted from their pay — equivalent to 40 hours' overtime pay for a houseman.

● CONSULTANTS at **Romford's Oldchurch Hospital** are demanding the head of general manager Stephen Eames. Mr Eames recently docked the wages of three consultants after "contractual disagreements" and refuses to answer their correspondence or calls. Although 47 of the 60 seniors backed a motion of no confidence in Mr Eames, health authority chairman Bryan Littlewood dismissed this as a "prep school ballot" and is steaming ahead with trust applications for Oldchurch and the nearby **Harrold Wood** unit.

● A RECENT study by London's Tavistock Clinic revealed that the junior doctors at their lowest ebb are those who have the least consultant support. This may have escaped the attention of Dr Singh, consultant in medicine for the elderly at **London's Charing Cross Hospital**, who recently informed his juniors: "It would be a most frightening and dangerous precedent were a consultant to set foot in a hospital at the weekend."

● THE DISMISSAL of biochemist Dr Chris Chapman from **Leeds General Infirmary** (*Eyes passim* and now at last the national press) may well have been unfair, but at least he got a public hearing. Consultant microbiologist Dr Royce Darnell was suspended from **Derbyshire Royal Infirmary** in 1982 and dismissed two years later following his exposure of malpractice and of NHS facilities being used privately.

DRI and **Trent RHA** sacked him for alleged mismanagement, although they refused to provide evidence of it or have a public hearing. In 1988, the Government refused Dr Darnell a judicial review. The European Commission, who considered these stalling tactics to be a violation of human rights, will hear the case in six months' time.

M.D.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

BIRMINGHAM

WHILE the city crumbles, Birmingham council bosses continue to build empires for themselves — and for their children, too.

The latest scandal to hit the Labour mafiosi who run the city emanates again from ex-planning chairman Frank McLoughlin, also known as the city's richest plumber.

McLoughlin was the concerned councillor who spent thousands of pounds of poll tax cash on a "freebie" trip to Italy to inspect soccer stadiums. By a remarkable coincidence his trip coincided with the World Cup and his inspections clashed with the matches!

He had to resign from planning after the notorious Tandoori takeaway scandal when a fellow Labour councillor "persuaded" McLoughlin and the committee to give him permission to open a curry house in a residential area from which shops were supposedly banned. A report from the ombudsman was so scathing even Birmingham's Labour leader, Sir "Dick" Knowles, could not brazen it out.

Now McLoughlin has been at it again — this time on behalf of his 22-year-old daughter Bridget, also a plumber. Last year she got planning permission to build a three-storey house next door to her father's. Coincidentally Frank was still planning chairman when permission was granted, ignoring objections from neighbours. Now outraged neighbours have forced the council's planning inspectors to block further work because the house has suddenly sprouted several feet in height, despite a limit on height in the planning agreement.

BIRMINGHAM'S desperate attempts to make itself "European" have taken a bizarre turn with a scheme to make it the first UK city with legalised brothels.

Bill Gray, chairman of the aptly named "community affairs" committee, wants to turn derelict factories into brothels, claiming it will take kerb-crawlers, prostitutes and other low-life out of residential areas.

The city is even considering sponsoring a parliamentary bill to legalise brothels in Birmingham. It might bring in the tourists — but what price the city's already tattered reputation?

The most interesting aspect will be the in-depth research needed to create the brothels. For when councillors decide to set up a new service, history shows that they travel the world to see how others do it first. Watch the queue for all those jaunts to Amsterdam...

BENT

A SPECK of sanity, invisible to the naked eye but detectable under a powerful electron microscope, has broken out in barmy Bent, holder of the biggest municipal debt in the western hemisphere.

Council officers in the north London borough in charge of recovering the debts are sending bailiffs into poll tax defaulters' homes to seize video recorders, televisions and other valuables. But they have hit on an ingenious wheeze to entice people into paying up.

Households that do pay their poll tax and council house rent on time will be entered in a monthly prize draw. (The winners will presumably be presented with the VCRs nabbed from their arrears-ridden neighbours.)

Happily the council hasn't lost its sense of humour in the face of adversity. The *Eye* itself became the subject of a motion at Bent council when Tory councillor Jack Sayers officially called for restoration of the "R" in Bent and urged the town hall to close down the race relations unit and redeploy its staff to count lamp-posts.

Sayers placed his amendment at the end of a motion urging the council to seek an enforcement notice on an African mud hut which has been built in nearby Enfield, transport it to Bent, and throw the council's notorious self-styled madame-chair, Nkechi Amalu-Johnson (*Eyes passim*), into it for six months. This, it is believed, is one of the most sensible suggestions ever heard in the Bent council chamber.

TOWER HAMLETS

ANYONE wanting to know what Paddy Ashdown means by his policy of "putting people first" should visit Tower Hamlets where the council's ruling group is Liberal Democrat.

Councillors there joined in the outcry two years ago when two brothers David and Paul Richardson and another worker were killed while trying to clear drains underneath Watney Market in east London, poisoned by chemicals that their employer, Floyd Construction, had failed to clear.

The firm was held in universal contempt and disgrace in the area and, much later, was fined a maximum £50,000 after being prosecuted by the health and safety executive.

Tower Hamlets council now proudly announces that it is retaining Floyd Construction on its approved list of contractors — and has greatly increased the number of contracts awarded to the firm.

UN NEWS

MAHHUB UL-HAQ, former finance minister of the Pakistani military government (with ties to BCCI and not unrelated to the foundation that bankrolled Pakistan's nuclear effort), is also head of the United Nations' development programme's (UNDP) *Human Development Report*.

This seeks to persuade the poor countries of the world to stop spending money on military programmes — er, just like ul-Haq didn't when he was in Islamabad.

The most recent UN auditors' report shows, however, that ul-Haq is better at finance than demilitarisation. He was paid $3,500 to move to New York — where his wife already worked for UNICEF; and then for several years was paid $380,000 in fees, plus $80,000 in the daily subsistence allowance usually paid to staff working away from their homes.

In addition, the UNDP picked up his not inconsiderable medical insurance bills. "Normal" employees have to contribute to these themselves.

UNCHARITABLE types have come up with another reason to question Maurice Strong's motives for attaching himself to the UN development programme — a magic diplomatic passport.

As the *Eye* recently reported, the overemployed Strong took a job as "environmental adviser" to the head of the programme. And it would now appear that his attorney wafted the UN document in front of the Arizona water court that was adjudicating on the great environmentalist's money-making scam to drain water from under the valley he bought from a company in which Adnan Khashoggi had a majority share.

SHEFFIELD

ARE voters in the Labour stronghold of Sheffield beginning to put the party where it belongs — on the rack? Amazingly in a recent by-election in the normally die-hard socialist ward of Brightside, they returned... a *Liberal*.

The party's huge town hall majority is safe for now, and councillors will argue that electors were momentarily swayed by hostile press coverage surrounding the district auditor's damning of the student games fiasco. But more seats may fall when locals learn of the council's latest wheeze.

Envious of nearby Manchester's poptabulous reputation as the centre of rave, Sheffield is rounding up funds for a Museum of Popular Music. Already an officer on the city payroll is working on the scheme, while another member of staff has just returned from an extremely important music biz convention in New York. Significantly, Sheffield sent no one to Manchester's recent international music-biz conference.

But while officers may jet off to New York, the city council can't afford to maintain the most basic amenities — especially in social services homes, which have been derided in a department of health report for failing to deal appropriately with allegations of sexual abuse and allowing youngsters in care to turn to prostitution.

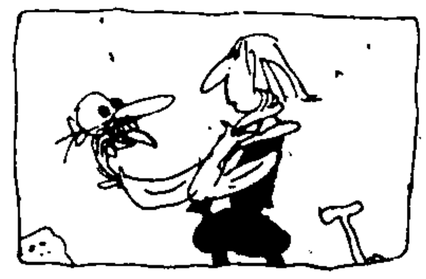
And it was recently discovered that the only remaining city-centre toilet which the council had left open was being used as a pick-up point for a rent-boy ring. The council's response was swift. It closed the toilet.

ARMS NEWS

BRITAIN hasn't been paying the odious Kuwaiti royal family quite the respect it is due, and this explains how Vickers lost a contract to sell Chieftain tanks to the desert kingdom.

Although our British tank could outshoot but not outrun its American competitor, the desert presentation did not go smoothly. Indeed, as the mixed British and Kuwaiti crew drove past the podium where the democracy-loving al Sabah family was sitting, for some reason the Chieftan turret swung towards the glittering array of dignitaries and the barrel of the cannon was not lowered safely in deference, as is the tradition.

The Kuwaitis scattered into the desert with kaftans flying, apparently fearing they were about to be despatched in a Sadat-style farewell ceremony. The royals were suitably unamused and the contract went to General Dynamics instead.



LUVVIES

She is hard on herself, even when she is doing embroidery. "People say: 'It's relaxing, isn't it?' And I say: 'No, not for me.' " Given her "over-conscientious" attitude, how does she approach a part? "I don't have an approach." Freshness is all. "I just go... " — she flings her arms out wide — "whaaaAAAGH!" And then she goes back to her toad-in-the-hole.

CHERYL CAMPBELL
Independent on Sunday

Submitted by E. Strobes.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THE GLARING omission from the assorted translations of the Maastricht treaty appearing in British newspapers and on the desks of MPs is the dreaded common agricultural policy.

Easily the European Community's biggest single budget item, it does not even make it into the super-smooth version of the treaty published by the plastic men at Jean Monnet House sent to our own honourable members who will have to vote on the act.

The absurd CAP takes the bulk of the community's resources and causes maximum damage to world markets. It is the issue that exercises the court of auditors the most, and it represents even more subsidy per peasant than nice Mr Heseltine will have to spend on his unwanted coal miners. But Parliament will not be allowed the discuss the Euro-farming issue when it debates Maastricht as it appears in an annexe that may not be scrutinised.

So that's what they mean by being at the heart of Europe...

WATCH OUT for a sinister public relations exercise generously lubricated by Ray MacSharry, the EC farm commissioner, and his lads in the Belgian Empire.

A company with the foolish name of Worldcom is being paid the largest number of ECUs the commission has ever spent trying to tell fibs about our Euro-destiny.

Worldcom will be claiming that we are better off as consumers behind our tariff walls, and it will be doing so with the help of a new device called a "Euro-Guichet". These collapsible mobile stands will be shifted around shopping centres and libraries with the purpose of not telling us that our groceries could be half the price but for the CAP.

Worldcon claims support from consumer groups; but the UK's Consumers' Association says it offers no hint of support and Old Muck can find no consumer body that backs the suppression of world food markets. However, if you feel a spasm of support for the EC food regime, contact Maggie Morgan of Kestrel Communications in Wimbledon. She will send a Euro-Guichet for your community.

THE Japanese have had a new farming product blocked by our regulators: bigger and better eggs.

Kikkokam Corporation and Showa Sangyo are raising chickens on dried black mushrooms. They enhance the vitamin output by treating the mushrooms with ultra-violet light. The eggs of these well-nourished chickens are claimed to have more vitamin D than ordinary Euro-broilers. It is probably only sensible of the commission to be hostile to such innovation. But nobody must tell the EC that these vitamin D-rich mushrooms are now being put into pet food.

SHOOTING NEWS, ***the colourful broadsheet of the Barbour-wearing classes, makes the bold claim that its enemy, the League Against Cruel Sports, has been supporting the Labour Party.***

A lost cause supporting a lost cause has an appealing symmetry, but *Shooting News* ***is very grumpy as the league spent £145,000 at the general election.***

LEAGUE BRIBERY OF MPS

sounds like a first-rate scoop, until you read that MPs only enjoyed freebie trips and lunches. That is what they are for, after all; disinformation being a venerable part of the British constitution.

OId Muck trusts the hunting, shooting and fishing brigade will continue to outgun the Cruelty League. Killing wild creatures, as we known, is just innocent fun...

A NEW video for schools is launched by the Campaign for the Abolition of Angling. Fishing, it argues, is cruel, stupid and degrading.

The highlight of this video nasty is jolly farmers seen laughing as they saw off the head of a writhing live eel. Given that angling is a bigger cash crop than most arable land uses, this attempt to frighten every child in Britain could have a huge impact on the countryside in 20 years' time.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT
I HOPE ILL SEE YOU TWO GENTLEMEN IN CHURCH ON SUNDAY !
ER..
ERM..
YOU KNOW, IT'S IMPORTANT AT THIS TIME OF HARVEST TO THANK THE ALMIGHTY ONE AND PRAY THAT HE'LL BESTOW EVEN MORE OF HIS BOUNTEOUS FAVOURS UPON US IN THE COMING YEAR
YOURE WASTIN' YOUR TIME VICAR
YOULL NEVER GET SELWYN GUMMER TO UP THE MILK SUBSIDY !

Letters

Eye wash

Sir,

I read with interest the reference to ophthalmology services at the Royal Leicester Infirmary in M.D.'s column, Doing the Rounds, on 25 September. I would like to comment on the inaccuracies contained therein.

My consultant colleagues advise me that the allegation that patients undergoing eye surgery have abnormally high levels of astigmatism post operatively is incorrect. It is true that there are very occasional cases where astigmatism can result; these, however, can in virtually all cases be totally corrected by removal of some or all of the sutures inserted during the operation. It is normal practice for these sutures to remain in place unless they are causing problems of astigmatism, or irritation to the patient. The Leicester Royal Infirmary has no plans at this time for the future purchase of an Excimer Laser.

In summary, it is clear that PRIVATE EYE*'s M.D. has himself suffered from some blurring of vision on this occasion.*

Yours faithfully,
B.A. MACE,

Associate Manager, Ophthalmology Unit, Leicester Royal Infirmary.

Trust worthies

Sir,

George Dunford (EYE *804*) *mentions three public consultations that I was not aware of, living as I do in the badlands of Berkshire. I did attend the Hungerford meeting about the Royal Berkshire/Battle Hospital trust application, along with many other concerned residents, where we were presented with what seemed to be a fait accompli — we were virtually told that if we did not agree to them becoming a trust this year, the government would turn them into one very soon.*

I do not know the current situation, but Hungerford has been threatened with the closure of its ambulance station — of course, we'll never need one in a quiet little place like this...

Yours sincerely,
BILL BAXTER,

Hungerford, Berks.

Confusion

Sir,

I see that Sir Fitzroy Maclean, having allowed himself to be conned by Tito 50 years ago, has now been conned by Milosevic, the Serb hegemonist who has spent the last five years destroying Tito's legacy of a multiracial Yugoslavia.

Since 1991, there have been created 2.5 million victims of "ethnic cleansing" 400,000 of these are Serbs: 2.1 million are not. The Serbs have access to the military-industrial complex of the third largest army in Europe and more arms have come from the CIS. The sanctions policy is so contrived that the legitimate governments of Croatia and Bosnia have great difficulty getting guns in from abroad (because there is a UN naval patrol in the Adriatic) but Milosevic has no difficulty in getting guns from the CIS (because there is NO *UN naval patrol in the Black Sea). Those sanctions are outrageous all right. They favour Serbia.*

Once Milosevic gets his way over Bosnia (an ethnically pure Serb empire consisting of Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Knin), "ethnic cleansing" will start in the Sanjak of Novipazar and Kosovo. It will mean a full-scale Balkan war. Tirana will not stand idly by if her brothers in Kosovo are murdered (they have already been turned into second-class citizens by Milosevic); Sofia has a special interest in Macedonia; and Turkey is outraged by the atrocities committed against the Bosnian muslims.

If Serbia is not careful, the Red Crescent could fly over Belgrade for the first time in over a century. A Bosnian peace which reflects a Serb military victory would be the most disastrous solution since Munich in 1938. If Lord Owen can prevent that, more power to his elbow, say I.

Yours etc.,
TOM CARTER,

Somerton, Somerset.

Lookalike

Ingrams

Madonna

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the strange similarity between the paediatric predilections of the young Richard Ingrams and Madonna.

I wonder if he has asked her to contribute to his magazine? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
ENA B. BOGGIS,

London, W1.

Time gentlemen

Sir,

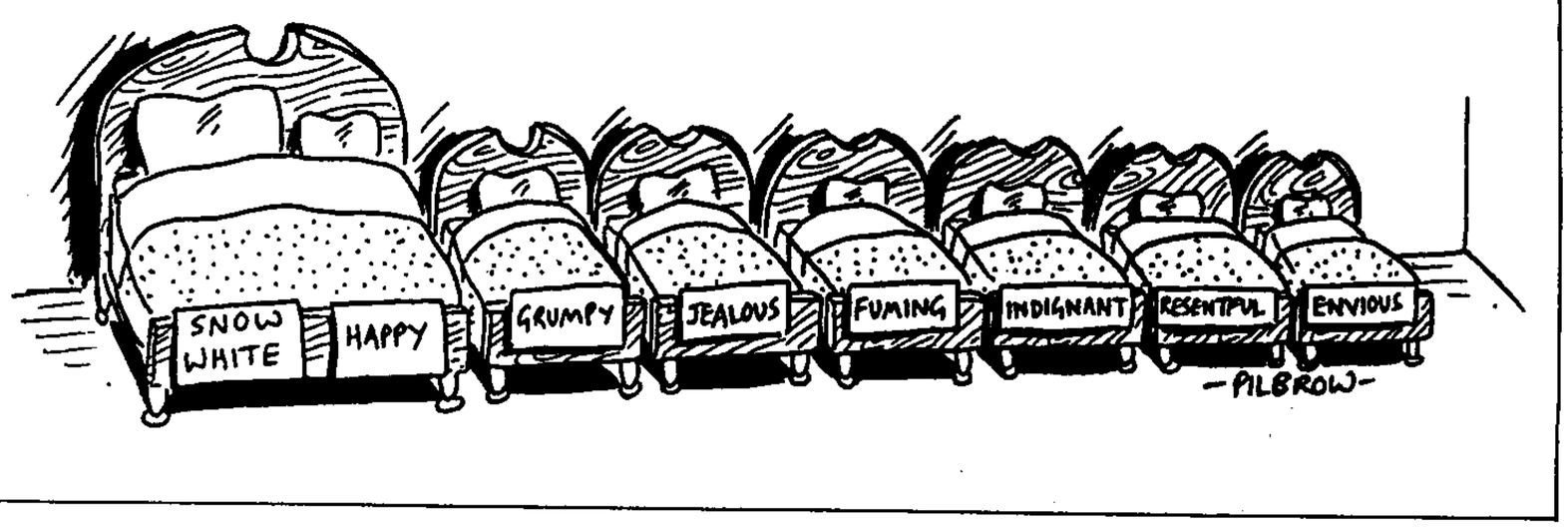
While thoroughly enjoying Bookworm's debunking of Gore Vidal's LIVE FROM GOLGOTHA (EYE *804), shurely the obvious damaging comparisons with the similarly themed* BEHOLD THE MAN *(Michael Moorcock) and* LET'S GO TO GOLGOTHA *(er...) should have been included.*

The former has a time-traveller replacing Jesus on the cross, the latter contains the revelation that the watching crowds are in fact all time travellers. Both are old enough for Vidal to have read and filed in the subconscious (cf. Lord Archole).

Incidentally, when is Bookworm going to take an overdue look at Iain Banks?

NIC FAREY,

Hitchin, Herts.



Just dandy

Sir,

Birmingham Rotten Borough

Just a word or two to clarify the "ludicrous race relations beano" (conference) during which "nearly all its staff" stayed at the Hyatt Hotel and "ran up a bill of £2,200".

Unfortunately it was only five (of the 52) race relations staff that stayed at the hotel. Unfortunately they were unable to spend the £2,200 you mention as a sizeable proportion of that relates to the costs of three delegates attending the conference. Unfortunately my staff were unable to pay the going rate for accommodation at the Hyatt being forced to accept a specially negotiated rate that was lower than other neighbouring hotels. Unfortunately none of the 700 people from 23 countries attending Europe's largest ever race relations conference stayed in "B and B". Unfortunately I had to pay for my own laundry. Unfortunately my officers do not live locally. Unfortunately my officers were working at the Convention Centre till late at night and returning before 8am. Unfortunately some other media coverage of the conference has been incorrect. Unfortunately, therefore you got it all wrong!

Truth seldom wins out — unfortunately.

Fortunately, I have every faith in you to ensure this response appears in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,
KHURSHID AHMED,

Assistant Chief Executive (Race Relations), Birmingham City Council.

Who guards the Guardian?

Sir,

Are you satisfied that you are getting value for money from your mole on the GUARDIAN?

1) Ms Jocelyn Targett, our arts editor, is reported by you to have approached the MAIL ON SUNDAY *with a view to becoming their showbiz correspondent. This is said to have occasioned "guffaws all round" at the* GUARDIAN.

2) Robert McCrum, a regular feature writer, is reported to have written a grovelling portrait of Tina Brown for the GUARDIAN *without disclosing that he had just signed a contract with Tina's own magazine, the* NEW YORKER.

If either of these stories had been remotely true I suppose there might have been the odd guffaw. As it happens, they were not.

Have you thought of bumping up your rates?

Yours etc.,
ALAN RUSBRIDGER,

Features Editor, THE GUARDIAN, *London EC1.*

● *Mr McCrum says that he did claim to be writing for the* NEW YORKER *in a letter to an author. But it was a joke. Hence our confusion.*

Lookalike

ms lang

ms targett

Sir,

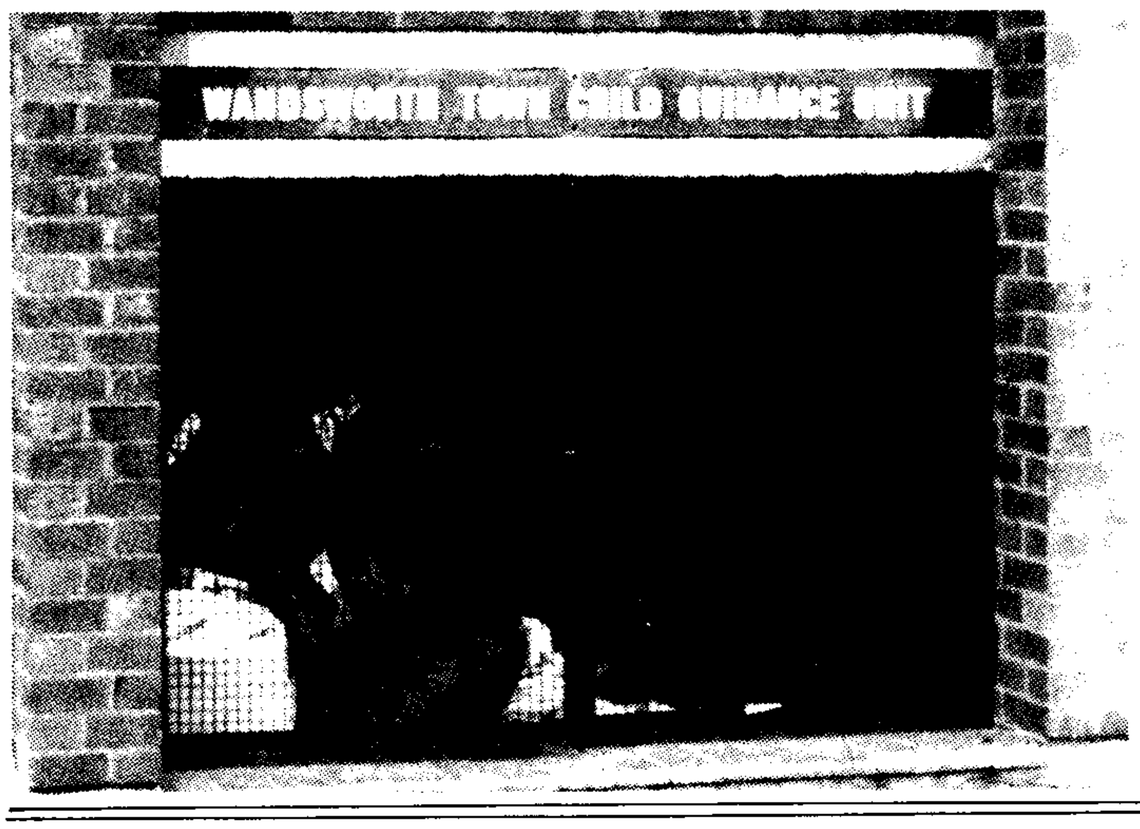
Have, perchance, any of your readers noticed a fascinating likeness between singer and pseud k.d. lang and Guardian journalist Jocelyn Targett?

Yours,
ALL AT THE PINK GUIDE,

Manchester

I-SPY

Wandsworth



Submitted by Charles Thomson. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Dope

Sir,

Dan Quayle may be a dickhead and this Kimberlin character may be an all-right guy, but if he was "going to talk to the press" about Dyslexic Dan's smoking habits from way back when (and no doubt expect a fuck of a lot of money for doing so) it strikes me as more likely that the guy's a dirty little snitch and can stay in a 4'x6' till he learns he's nothing more than a small-time washed-up dope dealer for all I care.

Yours as a confirmed cannabis smoker who knows something of the social etiquette of these things.

CHRIS TAYLOR,

Zarajoza.

Arn-wrestling

Sir,

Your correspondent, H. Mottershead (Letters, EYE *804), is mistaken. Garry Bushell's World Championship Wrestling doll lookalike is in fact Mr Arn Anderson, the notorious veteran foul-tempered balding rule-breaker.*

Need I say more?

Yours grunting and groaning,
RICK JOHANSEN,

Clifton, Bristol.

Dope

Sir,

You duck-witted buffoons! You scurvy pea-brained ninnies! The handsome wrestling chappie you likened to me was NOT *Ric Flair of the WWF at all, but Arn Anderson of the rival WCW stable.*

Can you get nothing right?

Yours, missing PUNCH *(as opposed to* PRIVATE EYE *lacking punch),*

G. BUSHELL (MRS),

THE SUN, *London E1.*

O·B·N

Voted the Tory conference's most relaxed bash, an extraordinary array of political talent gathered at a party hosted by Associated Newspaper's chairman Sir David English at Brighton's Metropole Hotel.

NIGEL DEMPSTER
Daily Mail

Submitted by Anon.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"But speaking of tomorrow, let's hark back to yesterday."
DANNY BAKER, ITV
(Mike Shirley)

Patient: *I get violent headaches.*
Doctor: *Where?*
Patient: *In my head.*
"Jimmy's", ITV
(Jeremy E. Clarke)

"Party Conferences are the chance for the grass-roots to get their hobby-horses off their chest."
LIBERAL SPOKESMAN, Radio 4
(L.M. Gillies)

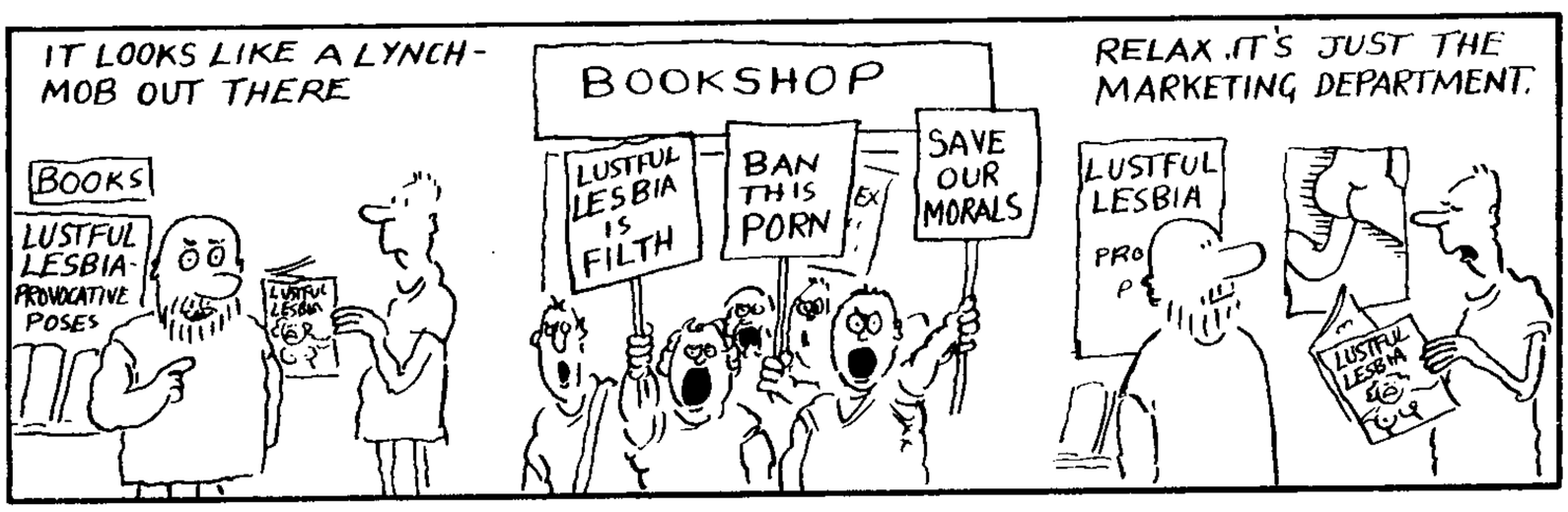
"Maybe just one goal would be enough to break the deadlock..."
ALAN PARRY, ITV
(Robert Johns)

"Last night was her debut at Covent Garden and, my goodness, it won't be her last."
HENRY KELLY, Classic FM
(Philio Byrom)

COLEMANBALLS 6 ***on sale now. £2.99***

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from **Algiers**

from Our Own Correspondent

THE 30th anniversary of our independence from France has been some celebration: one president blown up, another put out to grass, elections cancelled, mad mullahs on the warpath, troops on the street and bombs at the airport.

Add to that our $25 billion external debt, galloping inflation and huge unemployment, and it can be said, yet again: *Nous sommes dans la merde.*

Who to blame? For starters, Chadli Benjedid, our departed president who took over in 1979 after Houari Boumedienne failed to surface from a coma. The Boumedienne era was hardly a barrel of laughs with its rigid one-party state and zealous secret police. But at least we had gas and oil resources; nobody went hungry and the ruling National Liberation Front (FLN) was vaguely recognisable as the group who kicked out the French.

In 13 years Chadli changed all that. Oil revenues were frittered; the economy went into terminal decline and the FLN became one big free lunch, linking up with our home-grown Mafia. By the end of the 1980s life was on the slide and the nation's youth — 75 per cent are under 30 — restive.

More than 170 people were killed in anti-government riots in October 1988 as the FLN's popularity slumped to new lows. Chadli finally stirred and promised a multi-party system to solve the crisis. But this was just the beginning of a new set of problems. The main beneficiary of our revamped democracy was the fundamentalist Islamic Salvation Front (FIS), led by the charming Abbasi Madani (PhD from the UK) who promised to lead us towards an Islamic republic.

Few of us wanted to live in a new Iran, but we were sufficiently sick of the FLN to go with the mullahs. FIS cleaned up in the municipal elections of June 1990 and set about turning our town halls and *wilayas* over to Allah. Despite the arrest and detention of Madani, FIS regrouped and gained a huge majority in legislative elections last December. Chadli ran for cover and France choked on her Christmas *dinde*.

We faced the old democrat's dilemma: what to do when the loonies win? Algeria being Algeria, we cancelled the elections, banned FIS and brought out the troops. Mosques known to be fundamentalist strongholds were closed and the sons of 8,000 FIS supporters sent to detention centres. We gave Chadli his marching orders and created a new High Committee of the State (HCE) headed by Mohamed Boudiaf.

Poor old Boudy! A former war hero, he had fallen out with the FLN and spent the last 30 years running a brickworks in Morocco. Most felt that given the dross who had gone before, this was the best qualification for high office, and his firm grandfatherly approach seemed to be getting somewhere. He blathered on about national reconciliation, but squared up to the FIS extremists and promised an all-out fight against corruption. This upset some, and midway through a speech in Annaba on 29 June, Boudy went bang in a Sadat-style exit of bullets, grenades and a bomb.

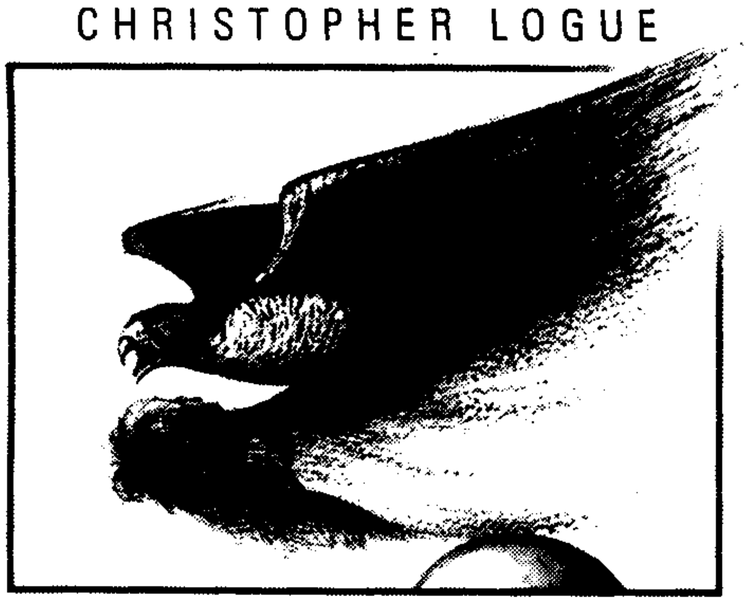
Today we still don't know who was really responsible. The authorities rapidly fingered Lieutenant Lambarck Boumarafi, an alleged fundamentalist in the presidential guard. But nobody believes in the lone assassin theory. Nothing in Algeria is that simple. For example, why was security for Boudiaf so abysmal, and who stood to gain from his exiting?

The Boudy who returned from Morocco may not have been the bland mouthpiece colleagues had wanted. The military in particular may have wanted a more pliable head of state, in which case Boudiaf's successor, the near-invisible Ali Kafi, is perfect.

Then there was the airport bomb in August that killed nine and wounded hundreds. Who would do such a thing? Certainly not an Algerian, we tell each other. We would also like to know why the French, supposedly so alarmed by fundamentalism in Algeria, won't sling out the FIS fanatics who have turned up in Paris. We can't help remembering our late head of state's remark that "the enemies of yesterday are still the enemies of today".

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE



Illuminated by Bert Kitchen

INTERVIEWED after the event, Miss Joyce Cole said: "I was very flattered when Mr Morris, my boss, asked me to go to the West Country Wildlife Show with him. We were both looking forward to the Birds of Prey exhibition. But no sooner had it started than one of the performing falcons swooped down and plucked at Mr Morris's head. The next thing I knew was that the bird had Mr Morris's toupee in its claws as it flew away. Then it landed a few yards off and pecked it to bits. When he got back it looked like a bathmat."

"I BEGAN to suspect that my crocodiles were being stolen when 5,000 of the 10,000 chickens I feed them each week were still alive," said Mr L.B. Kuan of Tiew, Singapore.

"We laid a trap and saw the accused, Chin Win, and his wife, Neo Win, come to the ponds, entice a crocodile to the edge with a chicken, hit the crocodile over the head with a stave while it was eating the chicken, tie up its mouth with string, sack it, and carry it off."

Pleading guilty, Mr Win asked for the fact that his brother, Liou, had been eaten by the crocodiles, while he was trying to steal them, be taken into consideration.

AT the end of his speech in which he admitted that the Olympic teams of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh had only won one bronze medal between them, "though we have a combined population of one billion", Mr Sula Medagun, the Minister responsible to the Indian Sports Federation, called for two minutes' silence, "in mourning for this national disaster". Opposing this, Mr Khan Badal, a Nationalist, called for the banning of all sports "throughout the great Subcontinent", as "they are nothing but competitive pornography".

REVIEWING a work by performing artist B.G. Nichols, Mary Whistler wrote: "Nichols, stark naked and covered with mud, made his way from the Roadmender Leisure Complex to Duke's Lane while laying a slate path as he went. This illustrates the difficulty we all have in facing the truth of our times."

MRS Janice Slazenger, the Pentagon's Chief Public Relations Officer, has announced that the US Military has issued three and a half million National Defence Service Medals. "These medals," she said, "commemorate the outstanding performance of our forces in the Desert Storm campaign. We recognise that only 500,000 troops actually served in the Persian Gulf, but all our boys, especially the new recruits, like to feel they were involved."

ALTHOUGH he watched his fiancée, Miss Jane Jones, fall and break both her legs after visiting him on his platform, Mr Jack Mearden said: "I was on the verge of breaking the 516-day World Record for Pole Sitting. How could I climb down and help her? She understands."

INFORMATION: Torbay Herald Express 26.8.92; Straits Times 4.9.92; Brisbane Telegraph 24.8.92; Mercury & Herald 27.8.92; Globe & Mail 30.7.92; Johannesburg Star 19.8.92. MONITORS: D.J. Moreton, K. Wilce, Norman Reynolds, A.J. Smith, Brendan J. O'Byrne, D. Vander Watt.

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

Mr O'Donnell promises me that this will be the smoothest party conference we have had for years. After all it is only 5 months since I won the election. In the afternoon I went for a walk on the pier, to try to memorise the speech my ex-friend Chris had faxed to me from Hong Kong. It was very easy because it consisted almost entirely of the word "Britain". As I was walking along I saw a man trying to throw himself into the sea. He jumped off the pier but the tide was out, and he fell onto the beach. Imagine my not inconsiderable surprise when I looked over the railing to see that it was my friend Norma Lamont. He was crying, and kept shouting: "I can't even do that right". It is good to see Norma enjoying himself, after all the pressures of recent weeks.

When I got back to the conference hall, I found that Mr Tebbit was making a complete idiot of himself by attacking Maastricht. Fortunately the delegates soon managed to shut him up by cheering very loudly, waving Union Jacks and shouting "Good old Norman!", which was a very kind reference to my wife. When Mr Tebbit came off the platform, many of the delegates were so angry that they clustered round him and started to hit him on the back.

Tuesday

This morning Mr Hurd kept everyone entertained with a very interesting lecture on the Corn Laws, which proved that I was right about Maastricht. When it was over everyone was delighted and rushed out to the bar, shouting: "Thank God it's over" — obviously a reference to the trouble that Mr Tebbit had been trying to stir up.

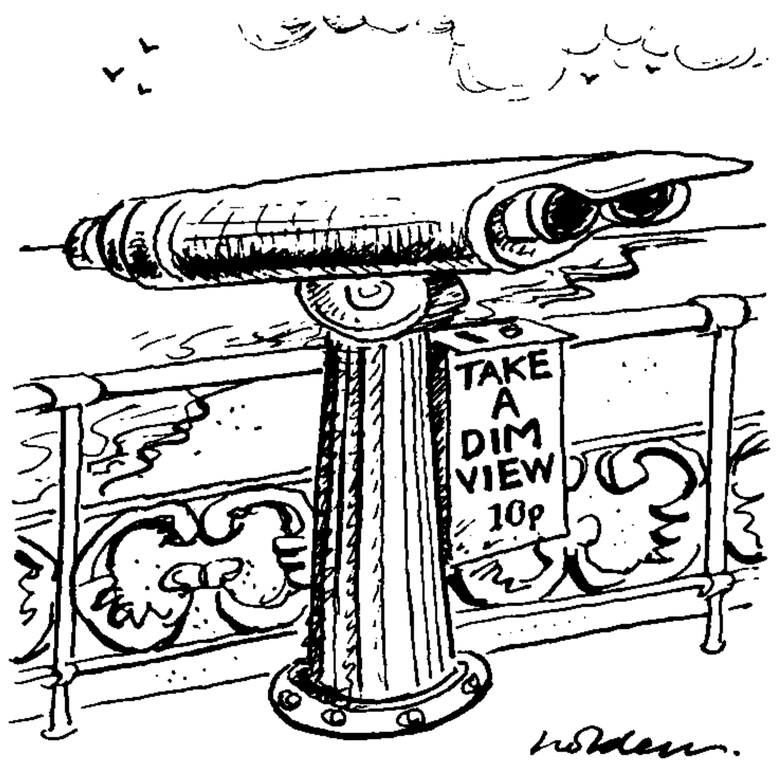
Wednesday

Today it was Mr Lamont's turn to make a brilliant speech. He explained very carefully why he had not been to blame for anything that had gone wrong, and indeed that nothing had gone wrong, which it hasn't. Oh no. "We are still on course, and I am not going to resign," he said. The Conference took this very seriously, and when Norma had finished, I noticed that all the businessmen looked particularly thoughtful and sat on their hands.

Afterwards everyone was in such high spirits about Norma's speech that some people carried him off on their shoulders and threw him into the shark-pool at the Aquarium. And they say morale is low!

Friday

Today I had my finest hour, when I made my great speech to unite the Party and spell out my vision of the future of Britain. I made a particularly brilliant joke about going to the toilet on the motorway. "When you've got to go, you've got to go," I said in my special amusing voice. "That's



right, you've got to go!" shouted a man with a red face at the back. Everyone laughed and cheered, which showed how well my speech was being appreciated. Then I made another, in my judgement, considerably amusing joke about Mr Heseltine, comparing him with Mr Tarzan going into the jungle. "You've got to go," shouted the redfaced man again, which showed that he could not get over my motorway joke. At the end of the speech, everyone stood up and cheered for 37 seconds, which funnily enough is exactly what Mr O'Donnell had predicted they would do.

Monday

Now that our very successful conference is over, I find that while we were away in Brighton the whole country has fallen apart.

On my answering machine, I found hundreds of messages from businessmen, MPs, journalists and

members of the public telling me that terrible things have been happening to the economy and that millions of people have been thrown out of work. When I find out who is to blame, I shall be very angry indeed. Oh yes. As I said to the conference: "I refuse to lie down under people standing by and sitting this one out."

While I was listening to all the messages, Mr Heseltine came in and told me that he was going to close down the coal industry. I told him that I was far too busy trying to sort out the country's problems, and that this was the kind of thing he must learn to handle on his own, if he wanted to be prime minister.

Tuesday

This morning I was horrified to a not inconsiderable extent to see all the papers which helped us to win the election reporting in very large letters that Mr Heseltine has made a very serious mistake about the coal mines. There is even an article in the Daily Telegraph complaining that Britain has not got a leader. What an elementary howler this is. If they had only made one telephone call to Mr O'Donnell, he could have told them that there is a leader, i.e. me.

While I was checking my AA book for the best way of getting to Birmingham, Mr Lamont came down the chimney dressed as Father Christmas. His eyes seemed to be rolling around in a rather strange way, as he said "What did I tell you, prime minister? The recession is over — it is now a slump."

Wednesday

The day of my big Euro Conference in Birmingham. All the flags are flying to welcome my friends Mr Monsieur Mitterrand and Mr Herr Kohl. It is an enormous success and we make a very important decision about Europe, which is that we will definitely make a decision at another meeting in Edinburgh later this year. It was all very amicable and we parted on excellent terms. "Au Revoir," said Mitterrand. "Or is it 'Adieu'?" "You must ask the interpreter," I replied, "as I do not speak French."

Thursday

There is nothing in the papers about my Birmingham triumph. Instead they are still going on about the coal-mines. "It is all your fault," I told Mr Heseltine at the

Spot is the Difference

Downmarket Observer *Upmarket Sunday Sport*

Cabinet meeting. "Oh good," he said. "Then I won't have to resign." He gave Norma Lamont a funny look.

Friday

My friend Jeffrey Archer has sent me yet another version of his new novel, which is now called "Colonel Comes A Cropper". His hero Godfrey Bowman is now so appalled by the mess the country has got into under his friend James Colonel and his Trade Secretary Mr Brilliantine, that he gives up his dream of becoming prime minister, and calls instead for the return to power of Mrs Marjorie Roofstraw, who had been PM for the previous 13 years. I think Jeffrey is beginning to go off his head. The character of Mrs Roofstraw is particularly unbelievable.

"This is hopeless — we've been playing for an hour and nobody's bought any property"

Coming in next week's *Private Eye* — the book they all want to ban

The World's Most Outrageous Woman Bares All In The Most Shocking Book Of The Decade

MAGONNA'S

EX

What They Are Saying

"Will this woman do anything for publicity?"
John Major

"It's sad really, the lengths she'll go to to get in the papers."
John Major

"She's just out to shock and draw attention to herself. She's got to be stopped."
John Major

EX shows Magonna as you've never seen her before — leaving nothing to the imagination! It includes:

- **scenes of sado-masochism with the Cabinet**
- ***being salivated over by a dirty old man (R. Reagan)***
- **having her boots licked by a toyboy (Lord Parkinson)**
- ***exposing herself in front of thousands of Tory delegates***
- **full-frontal attacks on Maastricht**

The Most Famous Bum in Britain! Only in *Private Eye*

JOHN MAJOR DIARIES — the book — on sale now. £4.99. Hurry, hurry, while Prime Minister lasts...

CONCERN GROWS OVER AILING PONTIFF — POPE JOHN PAUL MAJOR

THE mental health of John Maggiore is causing increasing concern. In recent weeks he has seemed tired, stressed and incapable of doing the job.

Already speculation is mounting that he will retire long before his allotted time of service is completed.

Birmingham Bullshit

(shurely 'Bullring'? Ed.)

If he goes the likeliest frontrunners for the supreme office include:

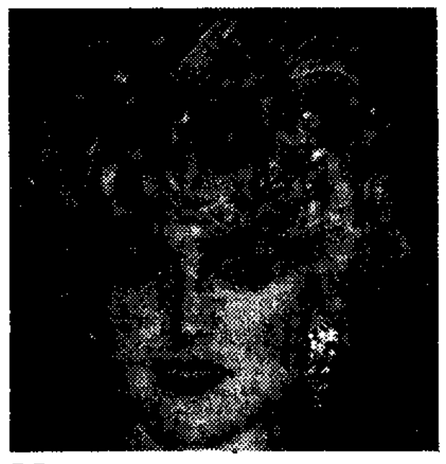
Michelangelo Heseltine: 59, charismatic, longhaired, radical, deeply incompetent. Favourite of the Moderates.

by Our Religious Staff
Clifford Longholiday

Normano Lamontali: 63, uncharismatic, short-haired, supremely hopeless. Favourite of no one at all.

Duglazzo Hurdi: 82, old-Etonian, bespectacled, deeply boring. Possibly too old for the job. Favourite of himself.

Giovanni Smithi: Bespectacled, uncharismatic, deeply boring. *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*



Magonna: Will she become the first ever woman to be made Pope twice in her own lifetime?

(That's enough candidates. Ed.)

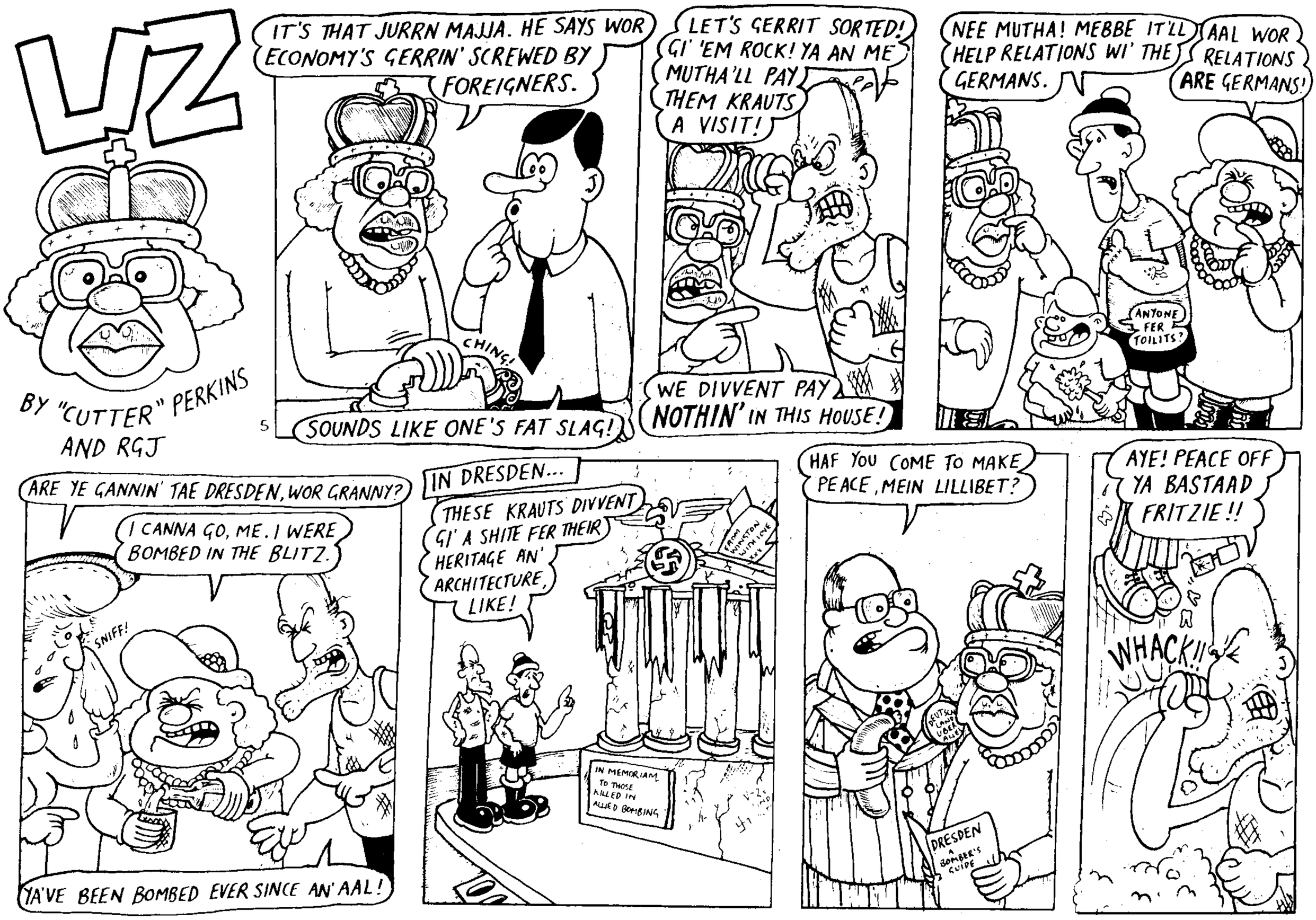
Lord Gnome Talks Exclusively To Madonna

In this exclusive interview, *Private Eye*'s proprietor talks exclusively to the Madonna.

GNOME: Your place or mine?

MADONNA: Who are you?

© Gnomebrill Publications


LIZ
BY "CUTTER" PERKINS AND RGJ
IT'S THAT JURRN MAJJA. HE SAYS WOR ECONOMY'S GERRIN' SCREWED BY FOREIGNERS.
CHING!
SOUNDS LIKE ONE'S FAT SLAG!
5
LET'S GERRIT SORTED! GI' 'EM ROCK! YA AN ME MUTHA'LL PAY THEM KRAUTS A VISIT!
WE DIVVENT PAY NOTHIN' IN THIS HOUSE!
NEE MUTHA! MEBBE IT'LL HELP RELATIONS WI' THE GERMANS.
AAL WOR RELATIONS ARE GERMANS!
ANYONE FER TOILITS?
ARE YE GANNIN' TAE DRESDEN, WOR GRANNY?
I CANNA GO, ME. I WERE BOMBED IN THE BLITZ.
SNIFF!
YA'VE BEEN BOMBED EVER SINCE AN' AAL!
IN DRESDEN...
THESE KRAUTS DIVVENT GI' A SHITE FER THEIR HERITAGE AN' ARCHITECTURE, LIKE!
FROM WINSTON WITH LOVE XXX
IN MEMORIAM TO THOSE KILLED IN ALLIED BOMBING
HAF YOU COME TO MAKE PEACE, MEIN LILLIBET?
DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES
DRESDEN A BOMBER'S GUIDE
AYE! PEACE OFF YA BASTAAD FRITZIE!!
WHACK!!

66 CHESTER SQUARE LONDON SW1

Dear Bill,

If you'd told me twelve months ago, re the Conference, that I should ever have to look out at that desolate Brighton seafront and run the gauntlet of reptiles, armed police and Tory well-wishers again, I would quite frankly have spat in your eye.

The Boss however saw it as her return from Elba. I don't know whether you remember that little Corsican fellow with Jacques Delors ideas about European unity under the Iron Heel of the Frog. At one stage, as you may recall, we negotiated him off to an island in the middle of the Med, and everyone assumed we'd finally seen the back of the rascal. Then, blow me, the little sod turns up at Cannes or somewhere like that, raises his flag crying "Vive l'Europe Unie", and everybody abandons the new leadership to rally to his banner.

This anecdote was very much in Margaret's mind when she planned our Dirty Midweek in Brighton. You remember that very rough diamond with the cadaverous mien who used to be an airline steward, by the name of Munster? He's been rather kicking his heels since the new lot took over, and he seemed delighted when M. summoned him to Chester Square for a chinwag. "Our rallying cry must be Stop Maastricht at all costs!" M. began as I furnished our mortician friend with a dollop of electric soup. "Hear, hear!" I put in, "Boche, is he? This Herr Maastricht? Bundesbank?" The way Munster bared his fangs made me think my *pas* might have been a trifle *faux*, and the Boss said "Leave that bottle, Denis, and get out!" I then heard them outlining the Brighton scheme. A speech from the Boss was not deemed appropriate as this would create too much brouhaha and anyway her scriptwriter Sir Custardface had gone over to the new management. Instead, Munster would do his Nuremberg number first and M. would then romp in to a huge ovation, once again Prime Minister designate.

Alas, the best laid plans of mice and men etc. Munster went on as per schedule, but I could see at once that things were not going to go our way. He had, for a start, rather over-egged the pudding, having, I discovered, bussed in several charabanc-loads of skinheads from Chingford, all with chains through their noses and Union Jack tattoos, and, after the months of gloomy brooding over his Desktop Business Organiser, the intoxicating lager of their applause went to his head. His gestures became more and more angular, froth appeared at the corners of his mouth, and when Margaret gently signalled from the wings to suggest it might be the moment for her entrance he glared at her unseeing and took no notice. The green, amber and red lights all glowed on the podium, indicating that he should come in as his time was up, but he ranted on to the clank of lager cans and the tramp of bother boots. Then, with a final rallying cry of "Here we go, here we go, here we go!", he strode off the platform and was engulfed in a sea of delirious hooligans. There was no mention of the Boss at all.

By this time, as you can imagine, M. was fit to be tied and when she did come on bloody little Major spiked her guns still more successfully by kissing her warmly in a photo ambush to the delight of the delegates.

The truth is, as I think the old girl now realises, she was well out of it. However, since then she has been more cheerful than I have ever known her. Each morning she opens the paper with a purr of happiness, muttering "Poor John! How can they be so cruel?" I even heard her on the phone to Scargill, expressing sympathy, and praising his moderation and statesmanship.

The Boy Mark has now set up another Pavarotti-style world tour, scorching across the Middle West, the Middle East and anywhere else prepared to stump up the half a million he charges for a one night stand with his mother. I've rather come round to the Old Etonian greaser, Seymour, who provides me with armfuls of petty cash for day-to-day expenses and sees to it that there is always a bottle of Delamain on the bedside table when I wake. We're promised a week's R&R at an underwater hotel in Florida with golfing facilities and erotic entertainment featuring dolphins. If you would care to join us I could get you included on the staff as a "People Greeter". Maurice has already invited himself along, but I have warned the management not to let him near any sharp objects in view of the submarine environment.

Yours sub aqua vitae,

Denis

The DEAR BILL LETTERS can be read in the JOHN MAJOR DIARIES book — out now.

Daily Mail
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1992
30p

MAIL EXCLUSIVE

COUPLE TO STAY TOGETHER

By Our Entire Staff

THE nation was shocked last night at the news that a married couple in Britain have no intention of getting divorced.

"We're still living together," said Mr Simon Barcode, 49, a high-flying bank manager, from the doorway of his £750,000 (or £75,000 to cash buyer) house.

His attractive 47-year-old wife Melissa confirmed that the couple have no plans whatever to split.

When pressed as to the state of their marriage by our 25 reporters, Mr Barcode smiled and said: "No, I am not lying, my wife and I are very happy."
(Contd. pp 94, 95, 96)

TOMORROW: More pictures of the Barcodes and their extraordinary "live-together" marriage

The Other Women In Barcode's Life

There aren't any.

Madonna: "No Plans To Marry Barcode"

De Sancha: "We are not in love"

Jerry: "Mick has a lot to learn from Barcode"

Government to close down country

56 billion jobs to go

By JOHN COLEFACE
Ex-Political Editor

THE PRIME Minister last night announced the most wide-ranging shakeout in Britain's history.

As from this Friday, the entire country is to be closed down.

"I deeply regret that we have had to make this move," Mr Major explained, "but the country is no longer economically viable.

"However," he went on, "I am glad to say that we have been able to arrange extremely generous compensation for all those affected, amounting to £1 billion for every man, woman and child in the country."

Giving further details of the Government's shock "rationalisation" programme, Mr Heseltine went on to warn that the Government itself might have to be closed down if things carried on as they have done.

Mineless Vandalism

"I blame the world recession," he told no one at all, "not to mention the Bundesbank, Lady Thatcher, Arthur Scargill and everyone who voted Conservative at the last election.

"If they hadn't voted Tory on 9 April," he screamed, "we wouldn't be in the mess we're in today."

New storm over embarrassing Royal pictures

by ANDREW MORTONSOFGARBAGE
Royal Staff

THE beleaguered Royal Family faced fresh controversy today with the discovery of a series of embarrassing pictures by Prince Charles.

The controversial watercolours were found in a remainder shop in a pile of unsold books entitled "All One's Own Work".

Outrage

The portraits, some showing graphic scenes of Scottish landscapes, are believed to have been taken by very few bookshops and have netted the publishers very little money at all.

Shame

The Palace denied that the pictures were scandalous. "They're not that bad," said one spokesman. "The one of the little farmhouse in Tuscany is OK, isn't it?"

Shock

But hardened Royal watchers are more cynical. "The Royal Family are really in trouble now. The shame of it will be unbearable. A Royal coffee-table book that doesn't sell any copies — it's the end of Royalties as they know them."

POETRY CORNER

Lines on the Retirement of John Cole, Political Editor of the BBC, and Fizz, from the *Eldorado* Serial

So. Farewell
Then
John Cole.

And Fizz.

It was often
Hard to understand
What either

Of you
Were saying.

"Hondootedly."

"I do love you, Bunny."

Those were
Your catchphrases.

E.J. Thrizz (17½)

E.J. Thribb, Rhyming Slang and much more in POETRY CORNER, on sale now. £4.99

The condom company Durex made its first thrust into marketing its product in Ireland with a reception to launch a range of new improved condoms at the Conrad Hotel last Thursday afternoon. The managing director of Durex in The United Kingdom, Gareth Clarke (ex Smurfit Group), said [redacted] "We don't want to push anything on Irish people [redacted]

Sunday Tribune

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wavelength changes

SIR—Like countless millions of your readers, we down here in the West Country have been appalled and outraged to hear of the BBC's plans to discontinue the broadcasting of the news on the Light Programme, and to replace it with a ball-by-ball commentary on the Gulf War.

Despite the continuous decline in standards of recent decades, the Home Service remains a beacon of excellence with such admirable programmes as the News, the Weather and the SOS message for Mr Stothard, last heard of holidaying in the Dordogne in a Morris Ital. Would he please contact his sister, Mrs Gwyneth Belmooney, who is dangerously mad. (No offence to my lady wife!)

Yet now all these jewels in the BBC crown are to be swept away as part of some new-fangled rationalisation programme to bring us into line with some Brussels directive or other. Mr Hussey may not be aware of the problems faced by some of us here in the Mendips in trying to receive any "signal" on his so-called "VHF Channel" at all. The other night we decided that it was about time that we sampled the delights of the BBC's so-called new Classic FM programme. But, despite my friend Col. Frobisher twiddling the dial between Hilversum and Daventry for several hours we succeeded only in hearing what we imagined to be highly implausible racing tips read out in a heavy Irish accent by a gentleman called Mr Henry Kelly. In our determination to catch the new programme "loud and clear", we eventually repaired to our local hostelry, The Lamb & Flag. Here, thanks to the generosity of Mr Wayne Balon, son of the proprietor, in furnishing his "ghetto-blaster", we were able to listen to The Archers, just as they are no longer permitted to do on the Continent.

So stirred were we by this inspiring reminder of everything for which we had fought and died in three World Wars that we determined there and then to mount a huge protest march to Broadcasting House in London, to inform Mr Hussey of the intense anger felt by every loyal Englishman at his chicanery with the wavelengths. Alas, no sooner had we embarked on our 217-mile journey than our Quartermaster, Col. Frobisher, revealed that he had failed to make adequate provision of liquid refreshment for our arduous trek.

Fortunately we had only travelled three yards when the deficiency came to light, and so it was possible to retrace our steps in order to "recharge our batteries".

Let not Sir Marmaduke infer from this temporary setback any diminution whatsoever in our loyal and patriotic resolve that ball-by-ball commentary should once again be available 24 hours a day to all expatriate listeners in the Gulf of Oman.

H. GUSSETT
Mendipsomaniac
Wireless-on-the-Blink
Dorset

THE TIMES FRIDAY OCTOBER 23 1992

NEW WORDS

by Philip Howard

GLENDINNING
v. pres. part. wavering, dithering, inability to make decisions. Example: "They were glendinning all night, so in the end they had to share the prize between Onionbhaji and Jobsworth."

PALIN
n. a humourless and long-winded traveller, one prone to talk at inordinate length about his experiences in foreign parts. Example: "There was an awful palin at dinner last night, going on about his trip to the North Pole."

GREER
v. int. to lecture, berate, pontificate, often for hours at a time. (Australian) Example: "She greered on all day, until I could take no more."

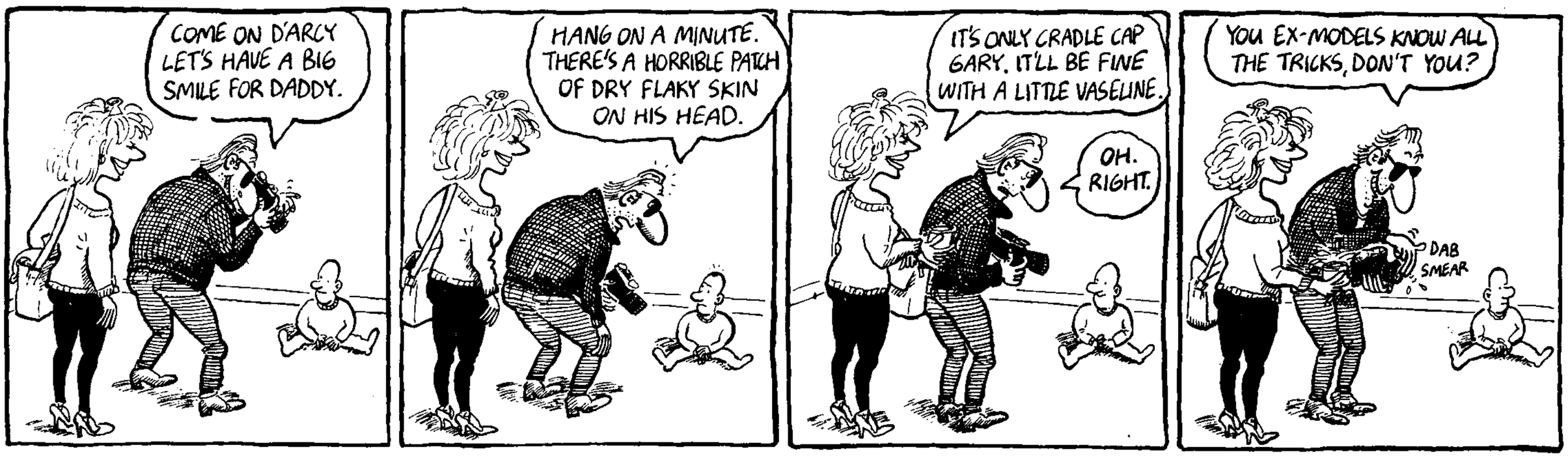
PORTILLO
n. man who builds up inflated reputation by staying silent. Example: "Don't be fooled — he's just a portillo." (From *Pomp and Prejudice*, J. Austen)

GROVE
v. int. to give someone a grand title to disguise the fact that he's been sacked (first used *Sunday Telegraph* October 1992). Example: "Poor chap — they groved him over the weekend."

MOORE
n. a young man prematurely old, a fogey of middle-aged mien. Example: "Don't put me next to him — he's a tremendous moore."

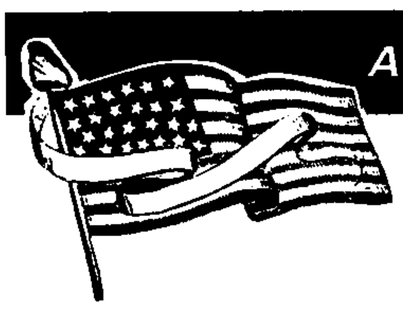
Celeb

LIGGER


COME ON D'ARCY LET'S HAVE A BIG SMILE FOR DADDY.
HANG ON A MINUTE. THERE'S A HORRIBLE PATCH OF DRY FLAKY SKIN ON HIS HEAD.
IT'S ONLY CRADLE CAP GARY. IT'LL BE FINE WITH A LITTLE VASELINE.
OH. RIGHT.
YOU EX-MODELS KNOW ALL THE TRICKS, DON'T YOU?
DAB
SMEAR

Great Bores Of Today.

"... the worst thing about it is the feeling that you've been violated your house doesn't feel the same they took the video and my new CD player and left the place in a terrible mess I expect they were looking for money or jewellery there's been a whole lot of it in the area apparently it's schoolkids' half-term the police said they dusted everything for prints but there's no chance you know what the clear-up rate is? the CID man told us it's pathetic and the stuff they just get rid of in car boot sales all the policeman did was give us this pamphlet about counselling anyway we're going to have the windows done with these special locks the crime prevention man came round very nice it's not that I mind I'll get it back on the insurance but it's the feeling of your privacy being invaded of course the police reckoned it was a black bloke it's just what they said..."



AMERICAN ELECTION

BUSH ERROR LOSES TV DEBATE

California, Friday

POLITICAL analysts today announced that President Bush had "blown" the crucial TV confrontation with Governor Bill Clinton by making a critical error early on.

"Everything was going fine," said electoral commentator Harvey J. Spindoctor III. "The President was in good shape, appeared in control, and was making a confident showing to the audience. But then he opened his mouth. After that it was all over."

But another spindoctor, Professor, Harvey J. Electoral-Commentator III, disagreed.

"No way. The President lost it much earlier — round about the time he agreed to appear on the programme. It was an elementary mistake."

But both these views were hotly contested by Vice-President Quayle. "The President was not responsible for his defeat. The blame must be laid firmly at the feet of John Logie Baird, without whom the American people could never have seen what a shifty no-hoper George is."

Ross Perot is 107.

That Booker Prize Dinner Menu in full

Ondaatje on a Ben of Okri
French Unsworth Soup
Michellefish à la Roberts (off)

— ❋ —

Chicken à la Kingsley Amis
or
Snipcock Au Vin
or
Roast Duckworth and Boiled Dumpbins with Vegetables Julienne Barnes and Maschler Potatoes Served In Their Book Jackets

— ❋ —

Cape Suzette
or
Jam-Filled Dunants
or
Peach Melvyn

— ❋ —

John Walsh Rabbit

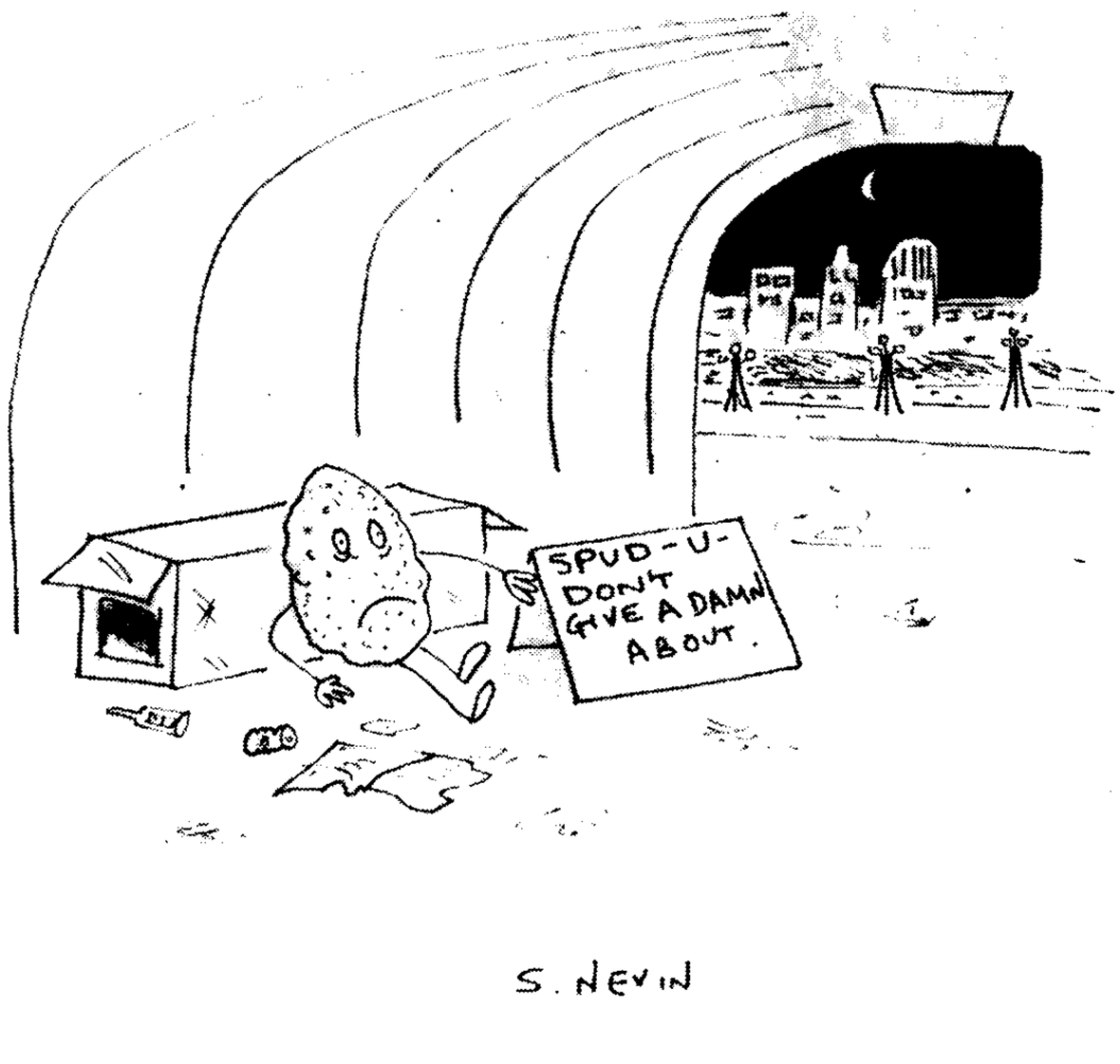
— ❋ —

Hodder & Stilton Cheese
with
Sour Grapes all round
and
Tough Cookie (Carmen Callil)

— ❋ —

Drinks

Random House Wine ❋ Chateau et Windus ❋ McEwan's Lager ❋ Giles Gordon's Gin (10% Proof Reading) ❋ Glendinning's Finest Old Malt ❋ Muriel's Sparkling Mineral Water



MANUFACTURING FIGURES UP —

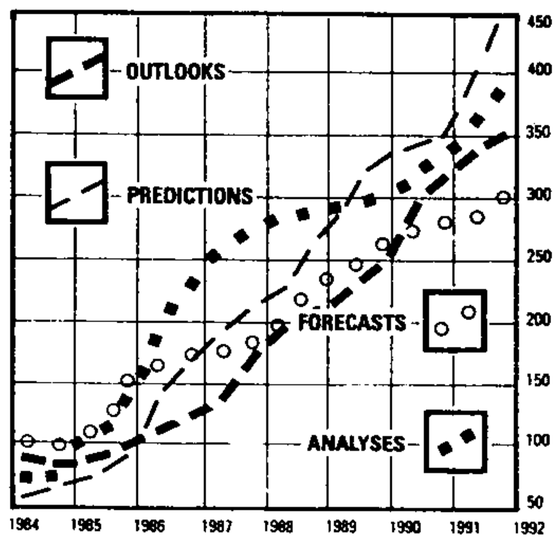
Lamont's Shock Claim

by Our Industrial Staff **Hugh Jobloss**

THE CHANCELLOR hit back at his critics yesterday with the startling revelation that there had been a large increase in the manufacturing of figures over the past six months.

"From the election onwards we have produced more encouraging statistics than any other western economy," said the Chancellor. "And, as every economist knows, the upturn in figure manufacture has a kick-start effect on the whole statistical fabrication industry."

In a detailed report to the House of Commons Select Committee on Finance, Mr Lamont argued that he had also created "hundreds of jobs" for civil servants paid to engineer positive analyses, forecasts, predictions and outlooks.



"And the figures have all been outstanding," he declared. "They are world-beaters, and they are entirely made up in Britain. I think that is something to be proud of."

Mr Liemont is 59.

Fish and Chips ● Cat Litter ● Dustbins ● David Mellor

Notes & Queries

QUESTION: Why has the *Guardian* redesigned its second section as a tabloid?

☐ THERE ARE A LOT of features that appear on a daily basis which we know no one reads, i.e. computers, health, society, environment, education — you know the sort of thing. Putting all these pieces into a small format makes it much easier to throw them all into the bin. — *Peter Preston, Farringdon Road, London.*

QUESTION: Could the new tabloid section be used to line, say, a cat-litter tray?

☐ YES. IT fits most makes of tray perfectly. — *Alan Rusbridger, Farringdon Road, London.*

QUESTION: Will the new tabloid react adversely to take-away food such as fish and chips?

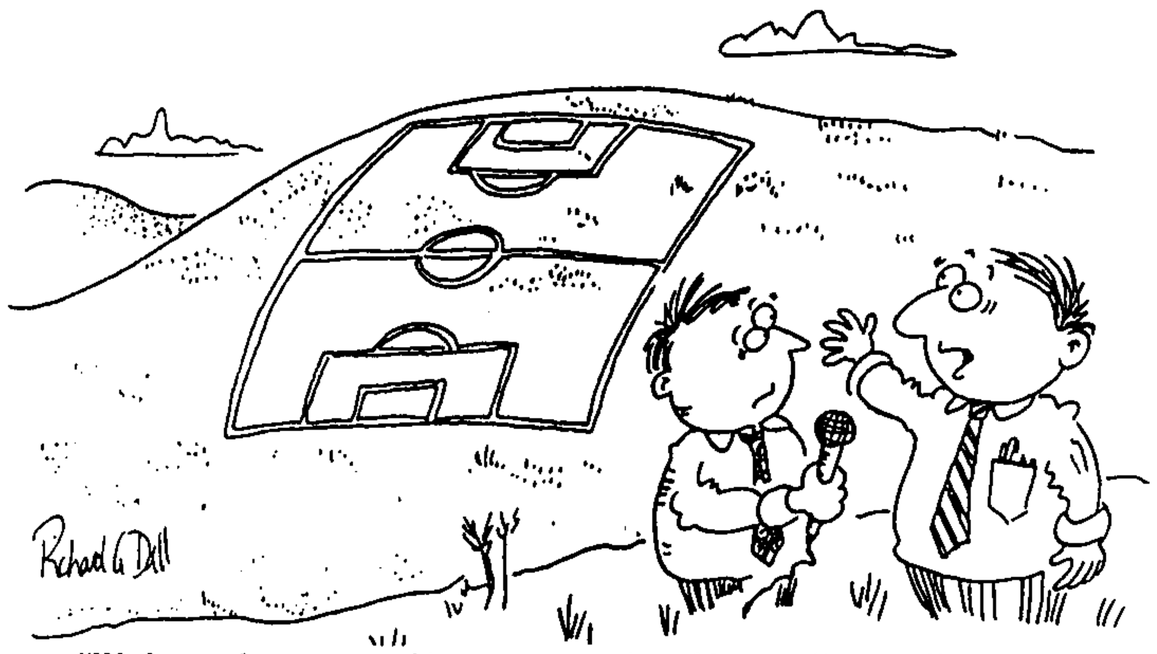
☐ I HAVE BEEN using the tabloid for exactly this purpose all week and, although the size is a disadvantage — i.e. some chips may fall out — it is good insulation for hot fish and will ensure moderate warmth for about twenty minutes. — *Roger Alton, Farringdon Road, London.*

QUESTION: Who is the worst columnist in your paper — the Labour Roy Hattersley or the Conservative David Mellor?

☐ OPINION DIFFERS on this question. Both Mellor and Hattersley have their supporters, but the weight of evidence suggests that neither is as bad as Edward Pearce. — *Hugo Young, Farringdon Road, London.*

QUESTION: Why is the new section called "Guardian 2"?

☐ BECAUSE WE think it's terrible, too. — *The Staff of the Guardian, Farringdon Road, London.*



"We know the crop markings were produced by an alien intelligence. Just how great that intelligence is, we are beginning to doubt..."

WORLD OF YOBS

GAZZA — TAYLOR DELIGHTED

ENGLAND manager Graham Taylor said yesterday that he was delighted with Paul Gascoigne's recovery. "We were very worried about Gazza for months," said the England supremo. "But he is definitely on the mend."

*by **E.I. Lazzio**, Our Man On The Terraces With The Deep-Pan Quattro Formagio Pizza And The Can Of Cosa Nostra Lager ("It Takes Your Head Off!")*

Aqua Minerale Con Gazza

Doctors treating the world's most expensive player had expressed concern that he might never swear again, but last week, to the delight of fans, he told a Norwegian camera crew to "fuck off".

"His mouth is clearly working normally," confirmed a jubilant Taylor, "and we're only waiting for him to punch someone in a nightclub and burst into tears to know that he's fully fit and back on form."

Midseason Unfriendly

Lazio	0
Neasden FC *(Gascoigne o.g.)*	1

Exclusive to Private Eye

The latest work of Nobel Prize-Winning Poet Dave Spartcott

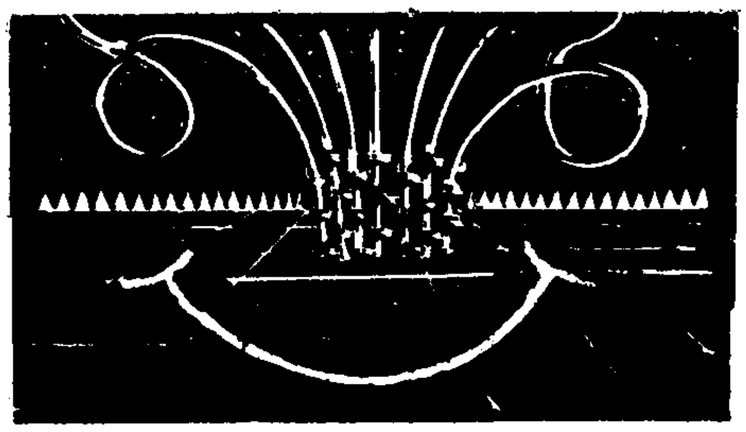
LILT

Lilt — has a totally tropical taste,
But in Brixton the people are going to waste.
Bounty Bars are full of coconut cream,
But in Brixton it's the end of a dream.
Bacardi is very nice at the end of the day,
But in Brixton problems such as the poll-tax and racial discrimination don't go away.

© *D. Spartcott*

"It rhymes!" Auberon Waugh

DIARY



LINDA McCARTNEY

Hi. Let's groove. Whenever folk drop round to our house, which isn't big at all, it's really quite small, I welcome them with a carrot. Then I say, "Would you like that cooked?"

That's a test question. It's how I've come to be such a sensitive judge of other people, stripping the outer fabric off to lay bare the inner soul. 'Cos if they reply: *"Yes, I'd like this carrot cooked, please, Linda"*, I know the kind of person they are.

"OUT!" I say, "Out, you carrot-murderer! I won't let my children near somebody who throws a poor little carrot into BOILING WATER! OUT! OUT! OUT! Bad vibes! Bad vibes! OUT!" It's only by sticking to these basic human principles that I've managed to achieve my inner serenity.

All my life, I've been on a great voyage of discovery towards innocence and beauty. You see, I love life. Some mornings, I get up real early and I get in our car — not a big car, I've seen lots bigger, I'd even call it very small compared to some I've seen — and I go into town, searching for carrots that have been dug up from their lovely homes in the ground. Often these carrots have had their beautiful green hair cut off, and have been bundled together — can you *believe* it? — in a horribly constricting non-organic plastic bag just awaiting painful immersion in boiling water. So I say to their jailer/shopkeeper: "I want to release these carrots, I don't care what it costs, man," and then I hand over however much money it takes. When I get home, I set the carrots loose in one of the very small woods we own. And do you know? Sometimes I can hear them whisper back in carrot-language, "Thank you, Linda — you're a really beautiful free spirit" out of their little carrot mouths.

Top Tips for Meaningful Photos (1): Always Remember to Put Film in the Camera. The reason I have become so famous and well-reputed is that I have almost always remembered to put film in my camera, even in the Sixties, when most photographers seemed to be into a forgetting trip. That way, you can be sure that when it comes to unload the film, there'll be a film there to unload.

I used to love photographing Keith Moon, the madcap drummer of The Who. Moony was one of the shyest, quietest and sensitivest people I ever met, and his way of expressing it was to be really loud-mouthed, gregarious and insensitive. I may have been the only person who really understood him. I think he really hated beating those drums so hard, night after night. Drums have feelings too, you know. Perhaps it led to his early death. Moony used to like me. He always said that if ever he felt the need to puke over somebody, he really hoped it would be me.

Paul and I are really into being normal. We're both very anti the whole material thing. We're happy with very little, and maybe that's why we have so much. I mean, what do people really need? A roof over their heads, vegetables, proudness for their family, a yard where the kids can run around and maybe one or two counties and a few islands, nothing more.

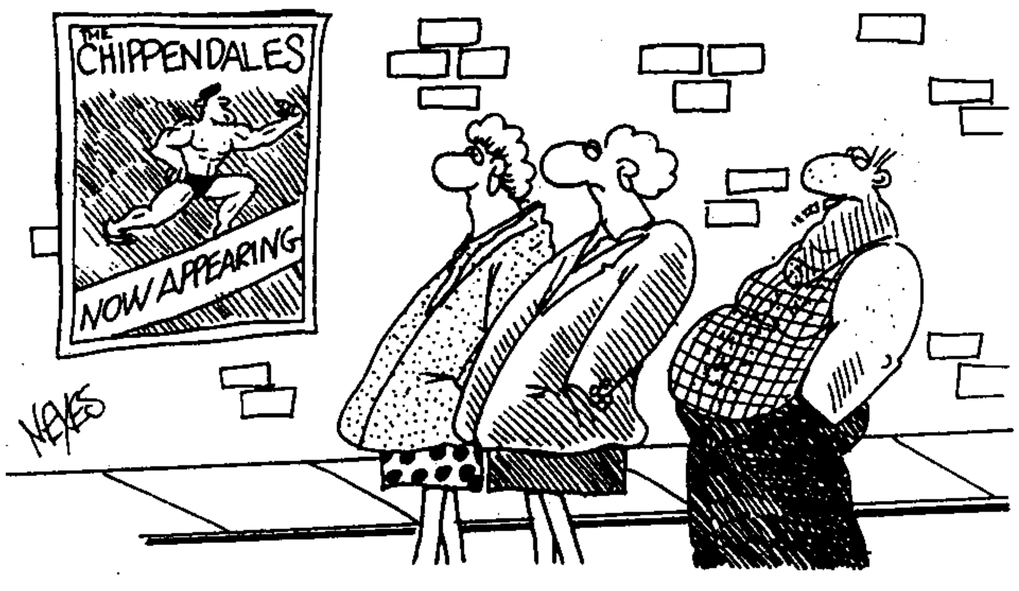
At the moment, Paul and I are really into riding on public transport, we think it's really hip. We don't make a big thing about it, we're not into the whole celebrity trip, we just pay the dough for the bus and drive it away, probably to our Scottish estate, which is very small, especially when you compare it to Canada or Africa. We're so into public transport that now we've got ten buses lined up outside the croft. They love it there, sitting out in the blowy, blowy wind with mind-expanding views over the heather and moorland. And I'll tell you something. The reason they are still with us is because they like what I feed them, which is lovely Linda's own vegan mixture of grass and water. We don't allow petrol in our family. It's a product of oil, which is formed of lots of little fossils of dead animals. And anyway, once our buses have tasted grass and water, I'm telling you, they won't go anywhere else.

Top Tips for Meaningful Photos (2): Keep Still. If you move your camera around too much, the photos can become kind of blurred. Same with the subject. Always make sure you choose a subject which is as still as possible, like carrots, or rock stars. In the sixties, I was really into photographing rock stars. In a way, my camera was my musical instrument, only it wasn't a musical instrument, it was my camera. My favourite subjects were Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Keith Moon, Mama Cass and Jim Morrison. Sometimes it seemed like they could keep still for weeks on end, even years. Incredible days, The Sixties. We all really got off on the energy.

As I say, I'm a musician, only with my camera. If you're an artist, you treat all instruments just the same. For instance, I play keyboard exactly the same way I take photographs. Like, if I'm onstage with Paul, I stand behind the keyboards, and I press each button down, very carefully one by one at five minute intervals, just as I would my camera, and if I get it wrong first time, I press it again and again until I get it right. You know, Paul loves what I do to those keyboards so much he wants my music to become even more organic and real and upfront and true, and so for our next gig he's gonna see that I play completely natural, without it being plugged in and out-vibed by electricity. I can really relate to that.

Top Tips for Meaningful Photos (3): Communicate. To truly communicate, you need innocence. Picasso was probably thinking of me when he said the true artist must never lose her innocence. I want to be as innocent as a cabbage running wild in the forests, as a fish grazing in the meadow, or an oyster as he chirps his merry tune from high upon the mountain ledge. Sometimes, I think I might be really too innocent for this world. "La la la la la la the lovely Linda". Yeah, Paul really got to the heart of us both in that song. He expressed something about our lack of materialistic craving, about our freedom from worldly ambition, about our famous normalcy, our hatred of the whole "ownership" thing. Sing songs! Make pictures! Forget about tomorrow! Love Life! Groove!

*(*Reproduction of all or part of this lyric without permission and full prior payment to Eastman McCartney Business Associates International Inc. will result in immediate prosecution under the safeguard of copyright act)*



"Unfortunately Bill is more the Chip'n'burger type..."

ADVERTISEMENT

MADONNA!

"I'm at present developing my emotional and artistic resources towards creating an ambient stage environment for my next World Tour. Like, I'm obsessed with black at the moment, like it means night and death and mystery and pepsi, right? So we're gonna start off with just this black curtain, and the black curtain will rise to reveal a stage totally black, okay? And then I'll be carried on by these six black guys, right? And I'll be dressed all in black with black hair and a black mask, and the thing is no one in the audience will know I'm even on stage for over forty minutes so it'll be like church or something and then I'll sing my new number, *Spank My Butt (All Day Long)*, and it'll be like Picasso and Dali and Bosch and the Pope and Sigmund Freud all rolled into one, just incredibly powerful and traumatic."

Extract from ***REAR COLUMNS, Collected Diaries of the Famous****. Edited by Craig Brown. Price £4.99. Out now.*

Literary Review

Never mind the Sex Pistols, here's the bollocks...

The Penguin Book of Rock & Roll Writing
Clinton Heylin (Ed)
(Viking, £17.99)

ONLY mid-October and already the problem of Uncle Colin's Christmas present is solved. Most families have an Uncle Colin: you know, the balding 40-odd-year-old — your mother's younger brother, probably — who turns up occasionally at family festivals and shakes his head sadly over the turkey.

Uncle Colin (no one would use the words "black sheep" in these tolerant times) was a bright grammar school boy once, until he saw the Doors and Jefferson Airplane play the Roundhouse in 1967, went off on the hippy trail to Afghanistan in a dayglo minibus and discovered Tarot cards. He still plays his Grateful Dead albums sometimes and cries over a vanished age.

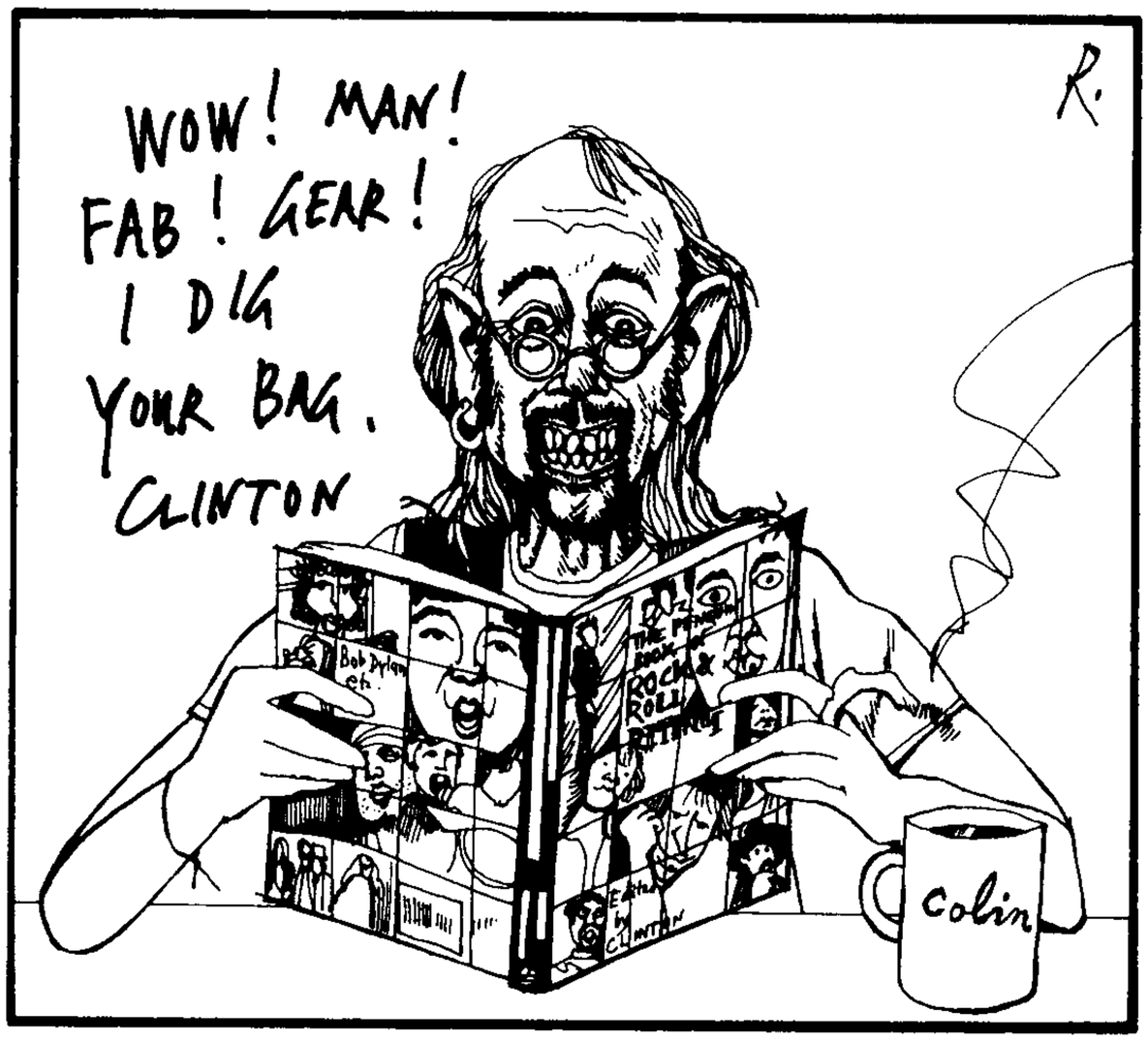
Anyway, Uncle Colin will *love The Penguin Book of Rock & Roll Writing*. Love it for its transatlantic bias (poor Colin, he went to America once and was immediately relieved of his wallet in Time Square, but it was still "a really interesting experience"); the daubs of 60s crappiness with which its contents are liberally besmeared; its spliffhead Yankee introduction ("What was it you wanted? It ain't here"); its parade of serious rock bores from Jon Landau to Simon Frith; and above all for its clotted, aching, terrifying nostalgia.

"The danger for people of my generation," writes Paul Williams, "is that we may be so attached to past glories — experienced at first-hand or just heard tell of — that we miss the new different stories of our present moment, as we stubbornly hold on to or hold out for the-way-it-once-was." Bad writing, sorrowing over a lost golden age, present indifference (and the lurking idea that it all matters) — most of the distinguishing features of Heylin's collection come together in a single sentence.

Heylin, the author of a book about Bob Dylan — a very bad sign, that — labours under some bizarre delusions. For a start he seems to believe that writing about rock 'n' roll began a quarter of a century ago with an American magazine called *Crawdaddy* (in fact *Rolling Stone*, a vastly more influential and successful paper, started life around the same time).

Second, he imagines rock to be racially distinct ("I consider it self-evident that rock is 'a white boys' club' "), something that will come as a surprise to anyone who has ever listened to a record by John Lee Hooker. Third — implicitly — the best stuff is American.

That Heylin should assume this is odd in the light of one of his best selections, an early foray into rock sociology by Pete Fowler which demonstrates that rock was, and is, an English thing.



Elvis may have been the first plagiarist to rip off those old blues singers, but it was the Beatles who did the damage. Beat groups, mod, psychedelia, heavy metal — all were conceived here and successfully exported to the States. In the late 60s rock got taken over by hippies and students (enter Pink Floyd, Yes and other rubbish). Anything decent in modern music, from punk to two-tone, has come from working class people reacting against boring synthesizer players and stadium songsters.

The other point to emerge from this appalling compendium is just how easy a vocation that of the rock 'n' roll writer must be to pursue. The average book review seems like an astonishing feat of intellectual perseverance when set against these bouts of dumb, effortful self-indulgence. Heylin has his favourites, of course, notably Williams, the founder of *Crawdaddy*, and somebody named Joe Carducci, whose *Rock and the Pop Narcotic* "may well be the most significant critique of rock music written in the last ten years". Then again it might not, and as this masterwork turns out to have been published privately, neither you nor I will ever have the opportunity to judge.

There are some highspots, nearly all of them by Britons. Charles Shaar Murray — who if Viking had any sense would have been asked to edit this himself — has a fine piece on the bastardisation of blues music by heavy metallurgists WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY BLUES, MA? which, ironically enough, refutes all the editorial nonsense about white boys' clubs, and Nick Kent and Paul Morley are represented, though not at their best.

Inevitably, for a final judgment one has to go back to Johnny Rotten, circa 1976. "Never trust a hippy" Rotten advised. Who, on the evidence of this wretched production, could gainsay him? — except, of course, Uncle Colin who, having found an article entitled WHAT THE SIXTIES HAD THAT THE EIGHTIES DOESN'T HAVE, is momentarily appeased.

"How topical! A slag-heap!"

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ **REED Books' sports imprint, Kingswood Press, would appear to be yet another "stiff" in the career of boxer Frank Bruno, closed down as a result of a libel action that never was.**

Objections among certain Reed directors to Jonathan Rendall's forthcoming *Heavy Business: The Making of Frank Bruno*, which took up almost the entire Kingswood budget for this year, apparently sealed the fate of the imprint.

Last year Kingswood's sister imprint, Heinemann, got into trouble with Jarvis Astaire, the boxing promoter and litigious deputy-chairman of Wembley Stadium, over an ill-researched book about the shooting of boxing promoter Frank Warren.

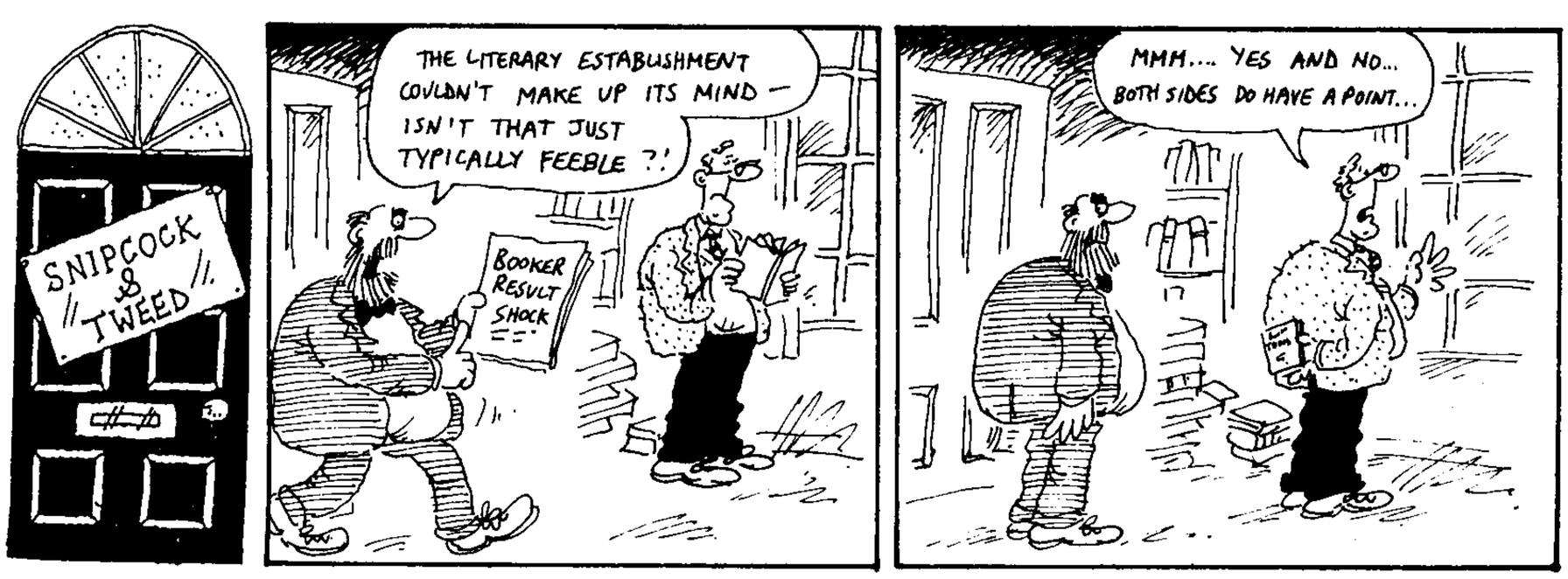
Astaire was one among several litigants to obtain settlements from Reed, whose chairman Richard Charkin subsequently gave Astaire an assurance, over lunch, that Reed would not publish anything defamatory about him in the future.

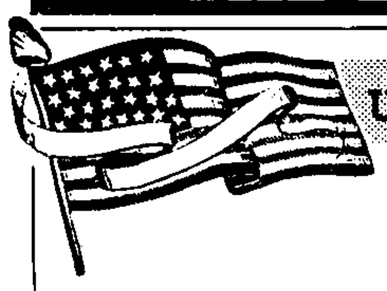
However, this gentlemen's agreement was not explained to the editors at Kingswood until recently, when Charkin burst into the office of a Reed in-house lawyer and exclaimed: "We're not going to offend Jarvis Astaire in this Bruno book, are we? He's a dangerous man." As a result of Charkin's panic-stricken intervention, the manuscript was sent to libel solicitor David Hooper, of Biddle & Co. Soon afterwards, Reed publishing director John Potter told the book's editor that publication would not go ahead because of an adverse libel report.

Naturally Rendall was indignant and told Potter he was shocked that a decision had been made to withdraw the book without giving the author a chance to respond to the various lawyer's objections. "Well, frankly, so am I," exclaimed Potter, who explained that Astaire had been in touch with Charkin. Potter now gave Rendall an assurance that Charkin would not be allowed to see the manuscript, provided that Rendall was able to deal with Hooper's points.

Hooper having been satisfied, Kingswood staff went ahead and printed up the publicity material and dust-jackets. Since then, Kingswood has been closed down and Rendall's book pulled for "commercial reasons". Presumably, this has nothing to do with the fact that Jarvis Astaire recently introduced himself to another member of the Reed International board, Ian Irvine.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
THE LITERARY ESTABUSHMENT COULDN'T MAKE UP ITS MIND — ISN'T THAT JUST TYPICALLY FEEBLE ?!
BOOKER RESULT SHOCK
MMM.... YES AND NO... BOTH SIDES DO HAVE A POINT...



US ELECTION

The same old bull and Bush...

THE key question in the United States is not whether George Bush will be president next year, but whether or not he will be in prison.

The appointment at long last of a special prosecutor to look into the scandal of the BNL bank in Georgia suggests that the prolonged cover-up by the US justice department of the BNL fraud might in due course be exposed.

The BNL was at the centre of the "secret network" of businessmen, ministers, civil servants and intelligence agents that flogged arms to Iraq in spite of government embargoes against such sales. The particularly sensitive device employed by the BNL was to divert funds to Saddam Hussein that had been intended for food aid.

Since the BNL has in the past been associated with former Democrat president Jimmy Carter (Carter was a close friend of a former president of the bank, whom he promoted to high office), many have wondered why Bush and James Baker have been so slow to appoint a special prosecutor.

The answer is that the BNL scandal leads back through Iraqgate to *Irangate*. And any cleaning out of the "Georgean" stables might provide yet more proof that the man who has always claimed he was "outside the loop" of Irangate was the man who started the whole scandal off — former vice-president George Bush.

Eye readers may be surprised by the excitement now caused in the US by growing proof that Bush not only knew about Irangate but was at the centre of it. *Eye* readers, after all, have known about such allegations since 1988. The *Eye*'s oft-repeated allegation is that Irangate started not in 1985, as pretended in the ridiculous Tower commission whitewash, but in 1984; and that the key "friendly country" where the CIA, under its former director George Bush and its then director, President Reagan's old ad-man pal William Casey, first tested the water over arms for hostages was dear old Blighty.

The suggestion emerged from the 1988 trial of arms dealer Michael Aspin, and three others, for defrauding a Swiss bank by pretending to be selling arms to Iran. Aspin's defence was that he had been put up to the deal by William Casey of the CIA and Oliver North from Ronald Reagan's office. Also working with them at the time was Robert Sensi, chairman of an organisation called Republicans Abroad. Sensi, later arrested in Britain, extradited to the US and convicted of stealing millions of dollars from Kuwaiti airlines, told friends and colleagues he was working direct to the office of vice-president Bush.

Aspin and two others were found guilty, their astonishing defence rejected by the jury. In vain did Aspin and his colleagues, notably John Taylor, who was acquitted, protest that they had become fall-guys for top politicians and intelligence services on both sides of the Atlantic. In vain did the *Eye* point out the more fantastic contradictions in the prosecution case (including an admission from a ministry of defence official that he had agreed to inspect the arms when they became ready for sale to the Iranians). All this was dismissed as fantasy. The great investigative journalists of New York and Washington held their peace and the president survived.

Now, however, comes further corroboration of the Aspin story from the US senate. In his long and devastating report on the BCCI affair, senator John Kerry, chairman of the senate foreign affairs committee, includes a fascinating passage, not picked up by any British journalist. On pages 400-402, Kerry comes very close to saying that he believes Aspin's story at the trial. Many of the documents he has got from the crooked bank confirm what Aspin said about the deal for TOW missiles for Iran, started in London in 1984, and clinched in 1985.

In particular, Kerry fastens on an affidavit signed in 1987 by Leslie Aspin, Michael's brother, and a veteran CIA agent in Britain, in which Aspin revealed that in 1984 he and North put five million dollars into three BCCI accounts in Paris. One of the accounts, said Leslie Aspin (who has since died), was named "Devon Island".

Senator Kerry heard from a BCCI source that there was indeed a top secret Paris account called "Devon Island". The senator still wants information about it, but is finding the BCCI liquidators, Touche Ross, and the British authorities very obstructive. In particular, he complains: "Unfortunately, access to the relevant documents has been precluded to date, by the decision of a British judge that access should be granted only with the written [permission?] of the account holders." Kerry comments: "As both Bannerjee and Aspin are dead, the personal written permission required by the British judge has, needless to say, not been possible to obtain."

Touche Ross and the so-far anonymous and secret "British judge" are not the only British authorities to offer Kerry little help in his search for the truth about BCCI. Elsewhere in his report he refers to the fact that as soon as the bank went bust, its HQ was raided by MI5 and documents were taken and "sealed" in the interests of British intelligence. No inquiry on earth will be able to release these documents.

Of course the reason MI5 wants to keep the documents is that they prove how the crooked bank was used for bribing, stealing and cheating in the interests of national security. But there is another reason — they and the BCCI accounts in Paris will help to shove the entire Irangate scandal back a crucial year, and so help pin responsibility on the man who now says he was "outside the loop".

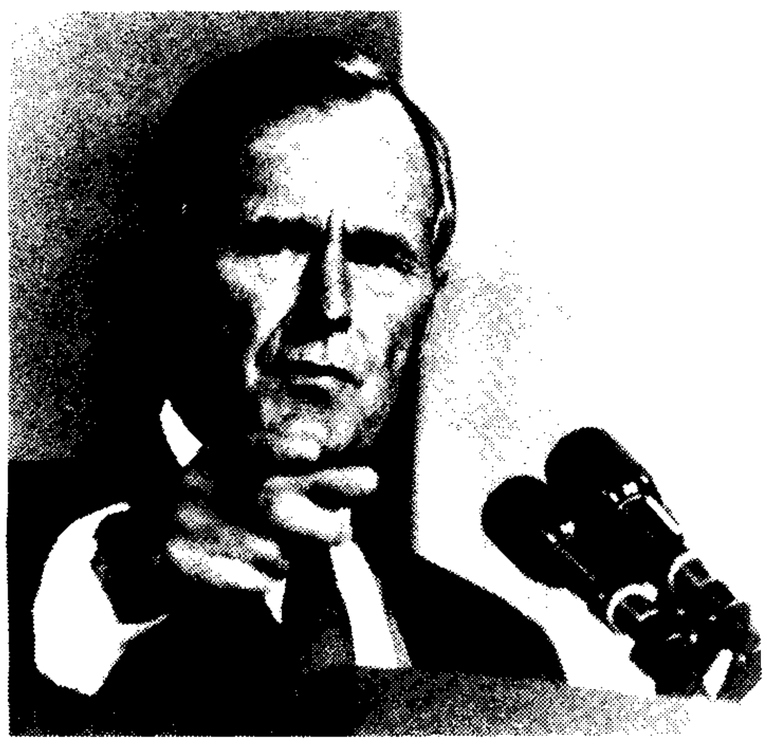
The last people on earth to support George Bush may turn out to be Touche Ross, the British judiciary and MI5.

● **AFTER a year in which American headlines were dominated by Bush's refusal to give Israel $10 billion in loan guarantees, one would have expected his capitulation to merit more than a sentence in the *New York Times* as part of a report on the overall foreign aid bill going through Congress.**

Also surprising was the almost equal silence from the Israel lobby on America's agreement to sell 72 F15s to Saudi Arabia, despite previous tooth and nail battles.

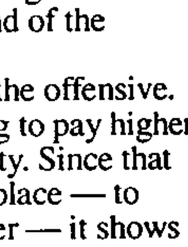
As the *Eye* has reported, the two are not unconnected. Indeed they are part of the deal worked out by Bush with the new Israeli premier Yitzhak Rabin this summer. Rabin got the loan guarantees on terms which would have made even his hawkish predecessor Yitzhak Shamir happy. The *quid pro quo* was that he could build "strategic" settlements and finish those already begun by Shamir, hero of Sabra and Shatila, if he quietly encouraged support for Bush among American Republican Jews whose votes are crucial in New York, Florida and California — and stifle opposition to the arms sales to Saudi Arabia. Bush needs the sales to repay his arms industry donors and win votes in the recession-battered states that make them.

If Bill Clinton ends up in the White House, the poor boy made good (Arkansas and Oxford) is so deeply in hock to the Israel lobby he can also be trusted to toe the line. He is, after all, the man who promised to open a Glatt kosher kitchen in the White House and pledged to be the only country apart from Costa Rica to move its embassy to Jerusalem.



WELSH WATER

Can't pay, er, can't pay...



WELSH WATER plc is under fire again after a survey found one in five homes in parts of Cardiff break European safety levels over the amount of lead in drinking water.

Across Wales the failure rate was 3.2 percent, the survey found, which means that water users in more than 30,000 homes in the country risk brain damage and mental illness through lead poisoning, courtesy of their privatised local water monopoly.

The company — whose charges are almost double those of neighbouring Severn Trent — responded to the news in revealing fashion. Gill Busby, a quality regulation officer, simply said the company had legal "undertakings" that allowed it to breach European limits significantly in some areas.

Meanwhile OFWAT, the supposed water regulator, has cut Welsh Water's bill increases by 2 percent and criticised its high annual standing charge of £96. Nevertheless, OFWAT acknowledges bills will rise by another 50 percent by the end of the decade.

Cheekily Welsh Water has gone on the offensive. It is asking consumers if they are willing to pay higher bills in order to improve the water quality. Since that is why water was privatised in the first place — to pass on investment costs to the consumer — it shows low cunning to pretend there is a choice.

With a non-payment debt of £12 million, Welsh Water is also busy taking court action against its non-paying lead drinkers.

Although Welsh Water admitted to the monopolies and mergers commission that the debt was caused by its customers' poverty, it has come up with a bizarre solution: it is commissioning a report from Exeter university's psychology department on why people don't pay.

As Welsh consumers, on the lowest pay in Britain, try to find the money to pay one of the highest average annual water bills in the Britain (£213), they can ponder the madness behind spending £56,000 on a study of why they don't pay.

CHANNEL TUNNEL

The burrow boys...

IT HAS been confirmed that more than £1 billion of British taxpayers' money will have to be ploughed into the Channel tunnel project to make it viable — not bad considering the tunnel's enabling treaty expressly forbids state support.

To circumvent the awkward treaty clause, the money will be paid in the form of a "compensation" claim that promoter Eurotunnel is now busy preparing.

The company is coy about the size of the claim, which will seek redress from the government for the following: its failure to provide enough rail capacity to serve the link; its extension of duty-free services on the ferries up to 1999; the imposition of extra security requirements; any other spurious complaints the promoter can dream up.

Eurotunnel chief executive Sir Alastair Morton gave a clue to its size recently when he said the project would cover its interest and operating costs by 1998 at the latest.

It is known that Eurotunnel will have to draw on every penny of its £7.3 billion banking facility, so it is possible to work out how big a subvention will be needed to achieve this goal. Assuming an interest rate of 8.5 per cent (which is lower than Eurotunnel is currently paying) and the promoter's own revenue predictions (which are higher than the independent traffic consultant's forecasts), a hand-out of more than £1 billion would be required in 1994.

Were the claim to be disputed and payment delayed until 1998, the needed sum would rise to £2.3 billion. Not bad for a project heralded as a triumph of private-sector financing.

DEATH ON THE ROCK

The lawyer, the lag and the *Sunday Times*

MANY AND various are the documents that come into *Private Eye*, but the most extraordinary for many a year is a tape-recording of a conversation between a convicted drug-smuggler on-the-run and the top libel lawyer of one of Britain's leading newspapers, the *Sunday Times*.

The smuggler is Joe Wilkins (see *Eyes passim*) who, after two miraculous escapes from different prisons, is now sunning himself on the Costa del Sol. The libel lawyer is Alastair Brett, house solicitor at the *Sunday Times*, known as "Blubber" Brett.

For some years Blubber has been pursuing Carmen Proetta, one of the witnesses quoted in the 1989 Thames TV programme *Death on the Rock* about the SAS Gibraltar shootings. Proetta's testimony was bitterly resented by MI5, whose careful but contradictory story of the shooting of the three IRA terrorists was seriously cast in doubt by her evidence.

A mighty smear campaign based on MI5 "evidence" was duly launched against Proetta in the newspapers, the chief result of which was a series of libel actions launched by Proetta. Most newspapers coughed up to the tune, in total, of some £300,000. The last to concede was the *Sunset Times* whose lawyers, led by Blubber, had moved heaven and earth to get at the "truth" on Proetta.

The climax of this effort was reached at Parkhurst and Maidstone prisons where Blubber took a statement about Proetta from Wilkins, who was serving 10 years for drug smuggling. In exchange, Wilkins asked for £2,000 to be paid to his sister Coral. Brett agreed — which is how £2,000 of Rupert Murdoch's money found its way into the pockets of a drug smuggler's sister.

At once all the gifts of providence seemed to be showered on Joe Wilkins: he was transferred to Ford open prison, where he stayed a few weeks before hopping it to the Costa Brava. Blubber Brett and the *Sunday Times* got permission from the courts to introduce Wilkins's statement without Wilkins, but George Carman, the celebrated libel lawyer, was still not happy about the case. Blubber's payment to Coral, he surmised, would discredit Wilkins's statement and damage the *Sunday Times*. To Blubber's great discontent, Carman recommended a settlement. The *Sunday Times* forked out £150,000, most of it in legal costs, and half-apologised to Proetta. That seemed to be the end of the matter.

But it wasn't. When Channel Four's *Hard News* published a somewhat unflattering account of the *Sunday Times*'s role in the story, Brett sued.

In the meantime Wilkins returned to Britain. In August last year he was rearrested and banged up once more. In January this year he absconded again, and was soon back in his favourite Spanish haunts. What inspired him to ring Brett from there and to record the call is not clear. The only likely reason is that the wily Wilkins had decided to change sides in the dispute — to abandon Brett (who had already paid him) and to provide a telling tape to Channel Four who might pay him (in fact C4, which has apparently not yet got the tape, hasn't paid Wilkins a penny).

The call starts with pleasantries of the type one might expect when an important source of information contacts a lawyer:

Alistair Brett: *Brett.*

Joe Wilkins: *Hello, Alastair?*

Brett: *Hello.*

Wilkins: *How are you?*

Brett: *Joe, hi, I'm very well...*

Wilkins: *Not bad.*

Brett: *Yourself?*

Wilkins: *Not too bad.*

Brett: *Sunny out there?*

Wilkins: *Beautiful. Absolutely beautiful.*

Brett: *It's been pissing with rain here. We've had floods, every other thing...*

Wilkins: *Jesus.*

Brett: *Tell me what's happened?*

In reply, Wilkins refers to Christopher Finch, the Gibraltar lawyer who represents Carmen Proetta.

Wilkins: *But I saw your friend the other day.*

Brett: *Yeah.*

Wilkins: *Chris Finch.*

Brett: *What did he...*

Wilkins: *He said about your libel case against Granada... Is it Granada?*

Brett: *Channel 4.*

Wilkins: *Channel 4. Yeah. And he seems to think that you're going to lose it.*

Brett: *He thinks I'm going to lose it?*

Wilkins: *Yeah. He says they've got wind that you gave me more cheques than you said you did.*

Brett: *That's right. Well, I gave you three.*

Wilkins: *Yeah. But you said you only gave one.*

Brett: *I haven't. I haven't said anything.*

Wilkins: *Haven't you?*

Brett: *No. In fact I'm going to admit it.*

Wilkins: *Yeah.*

Brett: *That there were three. Because what I didn't know was when I said to Mary how many cheques...*

Wilkins: *Yeah.*

Brett: *...did we send to Wilkins, she said originally she thought there were only two.*

Wilkins: *Yeah.*

Brett: *And I then said to Fiona can you check in the file.*

Wilkins: *Yeah.*

Brett: *Fiona, who was the other secretary here, had misfiled one of the cheque requests.*

Wilkins: *Right.*

Brett: *And because in fact we only had one letter...*

Wilkins: *Yeah.*

Brett: *...to Coral, because Mary had actually handed you the other two cheques.*

Wilkins: *And a letter from what's his name.*

Brett: *And a letter from Andrew Neil.*

Wilkins: *Andrew Neil, yeah.*

Brett: *And after that we ordered a third cheque. Because then I wanted — I was prepared to pay the third cheque, the day I thought we were going to get the names of the Cayman Island Company.*

The conversation continued for a few moments...

Brett: *We therefore — we could only remember when Mary and I talked about it, we could only remember two cheques, one being sent, and one definitely being handed over.*

Wilkins: *Yeah.*

Brett: *Because I wasn't sure that the third cheque which had been on or in our cabinet here for ages, we ordered that back in March. After I went to Gibraltar I met Christopher Finch, Finch confirmed flying to Madrid with you.*

Mary and Fiona appear to be secretaries at the *Sunday Times* who help Blubber Brett with his cheque filing. The strange fact that seems to emerge from this part of the conversation is that three cheques (and not, as originally reported, two) were paid out to Wilkins or his family, and that one of the cheques was accompanied by a letter from *Sunday Times* editor Andrew Neill.

What can all this mean? How much in fact did the *Sunday Times* shell out to the drug smuggler for a statement which, in the end, it was not even able to use? And what exactly is the *Sunday Times* position on buying evidence for libel actions? Perhaps we should be told.

BANKING

The bank that likes to say 'Ssh...'

HOW CAN one have faith in the integrity of any financial institution when its immediate response upon the discovery of "irregularities" in the books is to attempt a cover-up?

Such is the case with Barclays, which is trying desperately to keep the lid on its disastrous entanglement with the now-collapsed north London property group, Harrovian.

Harrovian — with the help of Harrow solicitor Guy Lucas — obtained £25m pounds' worth of highly creative mortgages on hundreds of residential properties from several high street banks. Needless to say, the matter is being keenly investigated by both Inspector Knacker and the Law Society.

By sheer coincidence, several Harrovian directors were former Barclays managers and, quite understandably, turned to their old employer for funding. Their key contact, Bernard Andrews, had risen remarkably quickly through Barclays and, by the end of 1990, was the manager of its Acton Park Royal business centre in north London.

But in early 1991 Barclays' north-west London region realised to its horror that it had a raft of problems at Andrews' branch, even though the branch had received a clean bill of health in an internal audit. By March Barclays had brought in a team of internal "investigators" who, together with Barclays' solicitors, spent several weeks "correcting" the problem, mainly by registering the extraordinarily large number of previously unregistered mortgage documents emanating from the branch.

It was around this time that Andrews was struck down with that terrible condition, selective amnesia, and had to be put on fully-paid sick-leave by the bank (where he is to this day). Shortly afterwards Barclays head office bought in a team from outside the region to give the branch a more complete fix.

Barclays has since put in a claim to the Law Society's compensation fund in excess of £10 million. This, of course, will only be paid if the principal in the alleged fraud is found to be the solicitor, Guy Lucas. That fact alone might explain why Barclays has made it a sackable offence for its staff to even whisper about Andrews or Harrovian in front of unsuspecting customers.

● LYN BARTON, who has been living in Switzerland for the last year, transfers £80 a month to the Midland bank in Colchester to pay off an old student debt.

Recently she noticed that £75 and not £80 was being deposited. She queried this and was informed that she was being charged £5 to make a transfer from the Societé de Banque Suisse to the Midland. This totally new charge was to cover costs and "risks". She could, she said, understand the charge had she sent a cheque, but the money was being transferred and *guaranteed* and so there was no risk for the bank.

At the same time her partner tried to transfer money from the Swiss bank to a branch of the TSB in Britain to pay off his Visa bill. He also found that his statement was for an amount £11 less than it ought to have been. Apparently the TSB is not internationally recognised, at least in Switzerland, so the £11 charge represents "danger money".

● A MRS McEVOY, who works for East Sussex county council as a home help, goes to the Midland Bank in St Leonards on Sea every Monday to get change for an elderly client who cannot walk long distances.

Recently she wanted to change £20 into 19 £1 coins and £1 worth of 10p pieces, but was told that she would be charged for the privilege. Explaining that it was for an elderly lady fell on deaf ears. Mrs McEvoy therefore refused to pay the £3 charge and went to Barclays next door who gave her the change but also charged for doing so.

When she asked why, she was told that since she did not have an account at the bank she might be holding up the regular customers. When the *Eye* telephoned the Midland, a spokesperson explained that since the transaction was carried out on a regular basis the bank considered it to be a business transaction and charged accordingly.

In the City

THE serious fraud office (SFO) probe into the life and times of Landhurst Leasing and its ever generous founder Ted Ball is likely to focus less on the leasing side and more on Ball's role as friendly banker to a long list of likely lads from the sporting and business worlds of north London and the West End.

Investigations into Landhurst rapidly revealed a large number of bad and doubtful loans, phoney leases and off-the-books cash deals which were not exactly for what a banking syndicate had put up £120 million.

Ball, a highly social jack-the-lad, liked to put the banks' money about to illustrate what a big man he was — especially after a few drinks. One of those who encouraged and benefited from this generosity was Scotland Yard favourite Tony Schneider. Money lender Schneider brought Ball customers in return for commissions. He is also suspected to have received loans as well as leasing cars from Landhurst on occasion.

One deal where they came together was over the proposed redevelopment of non-league Wealdstone football club's ground in north London. Also involved in that deal were the Harrovian group (RIP), which is at the heart of Scotland Yard's largest ever mortgage fraud investigation. Schneider and some very tasty Soho associates bought into the deal ahead of Landhurst — Schneider may well have introduced the deal to Ball — who then put in at least £3 million.

The site, including surrounding parcels of property, was sold to Tesco for approaching £20 million last year, but then a dispute broke out over who was to receive what among the various vendors acting under the Harrovian umbrella — Harrovian (its directors had links to the club) had been the seller to Tesco. The dispute resulted in the club being forced into administration in July. Harrovian collapsed a year ago.

Just how much Schneider and his crew made is uncertain, but they are reckoned to have found £1 million with which to play in the Wealdstone game. From Landhurst?

Another football connection for Ball was with Tottenham Hotspur. Landhurst put up money for a property deal linked to redevelopment of the Spurs ground. It is suggested he may also have helped finance a purchase of Tottenham shares by chief executive Terry Venables. Venables invested £3 million to take his share stake to 22 percent. Ball was well known to Spurs director Tony Berry.

The Landhurst story is just beginning and is unlikely to make pretty reading.

HIS SONG may be over at Amber Day, but the memory of Philip Green lingers on. Just what Green, who quit last month as chairman, will do next remains to be seen. But meanwhile it appears that his wife, Tina, fresh from the crash of her Harabel's clothing shop earlier this year, at least may be back in business. She is to be found on occasion at a new shop, Alma, in South Molton Street.

By remarkable coincidence Alma is Green's mother's name — she may or may not be associated with this new venture, having also been involved previously in the retail fashion business. By another remarkable coincidence the shop is to be found at the same Mayfair location once occupied by Amber Day menswear subsidiary, Woodhouse.

Suggestions that Amber Day paid a reverse premium of up to £100,000 to the new tenant can be safely disregarded as malicious falsehoods. Alma was the only interested party when the shop was put on the market for the brief period required to find a new tenant. Negotiations for the lease were at all times handled in an appropriate manner.

"HELPING in community affairs" is the Hanson motto. "We all have an increasing need to balance economic responsibilities with environmental and social concerns," declared the caring Lord Hanson in his last annual report.

That philanthropic policy has recently been experienced by a small town in New York state devastated by the decision to close down the local Smith Corona typewriter manufacturing plant. The reason: workers in New York cost $18 an hour, those in Mexico where a new plant will be opened, only $4. Of course Hanson now only owns 48 percent of Smith Corona having sold off the balance just before profits fell out of bed.

No doubt Hanson disapproved of this decision over which he and his group had no control or influence. The well known Thatcherite would doubtless agree with US presidential candidate and fellow liberal Ross Perot, who described this process of exporting jobs to a national TV audience this way: "If you have no health care, have no environmental controls, no pollution controls and no retirement and you don't care about anything but making money, there will be a giant sucking sound going south." Such decisions, said Perot, not exactly anti-business, "wrecked the country".

The new Hanson management philosophy will certainly have the attention of those employed by food group Ranks Hovis McDougall, to whom Hanson is laying siege with the intention of corporate dismemberment in traditional asset-stripping style. But they can be assured that unlike at Smith Corona the new gentler, caring approach will be applied in the event that Hanson prevails.

Meanwhile the City was not taken completely by surprise to learn that Hanson's son Robert had been appointed to the board after a whole two years with the group. An appointment made on merit by all the senior directors, we are assured.

FINANCIAL PR may be having a hard time of it right now, but the system of making sure bad news is heard first via the pages of the Sunday newspapers rather than the Stock Exchange, as required by the listing rules, is alive and well.

Take for example the £750 million write-offs by British Aerospace. This figure somehow managed to find its way on to the pages of the quality Sundays of 20 September ahead of the official announcement three days later. The next weekend the same Sundays were revealing in unison that cut price jewellers Ratners would disclose interim losses of £30 million.

Such "revelations" of course require no more journalistic effort than receiving a phone call from a PR man who by generating such simultaneous "scoops" defuses or softens the impact of bad news. It is not surprising, however, that the Stock Exchange is increasingly aggrieved at such officially sanctioned "leaks" — not of course that anyone from the companies involved ever owns up. Financial hacks, it is said, have a mysterious capacity to independently reach exactly the same conclusions. By osmosis, perhaps?

CREDITORS and shareholders of such mega-crashes as Maxwell Communications, BCCI and Polly Peck know all about the professional fees charged by their supposed saviours, the administrators and their lawyers. So they should ponder on the unenviable fate of up to 4,000 depositors in the Savings & Investment Bank who were owed just over £40 million when it collapsed 10 years ago setting off the Isle of Man's greatest financial scandal.

After 10 years the liquidators have clawed back £17.6 million. Alas legal expenses took £3.65 million while the liquidators' fees and expenses were another £3.2 million. In total expenses have so far reached a staggering £9.7 million.

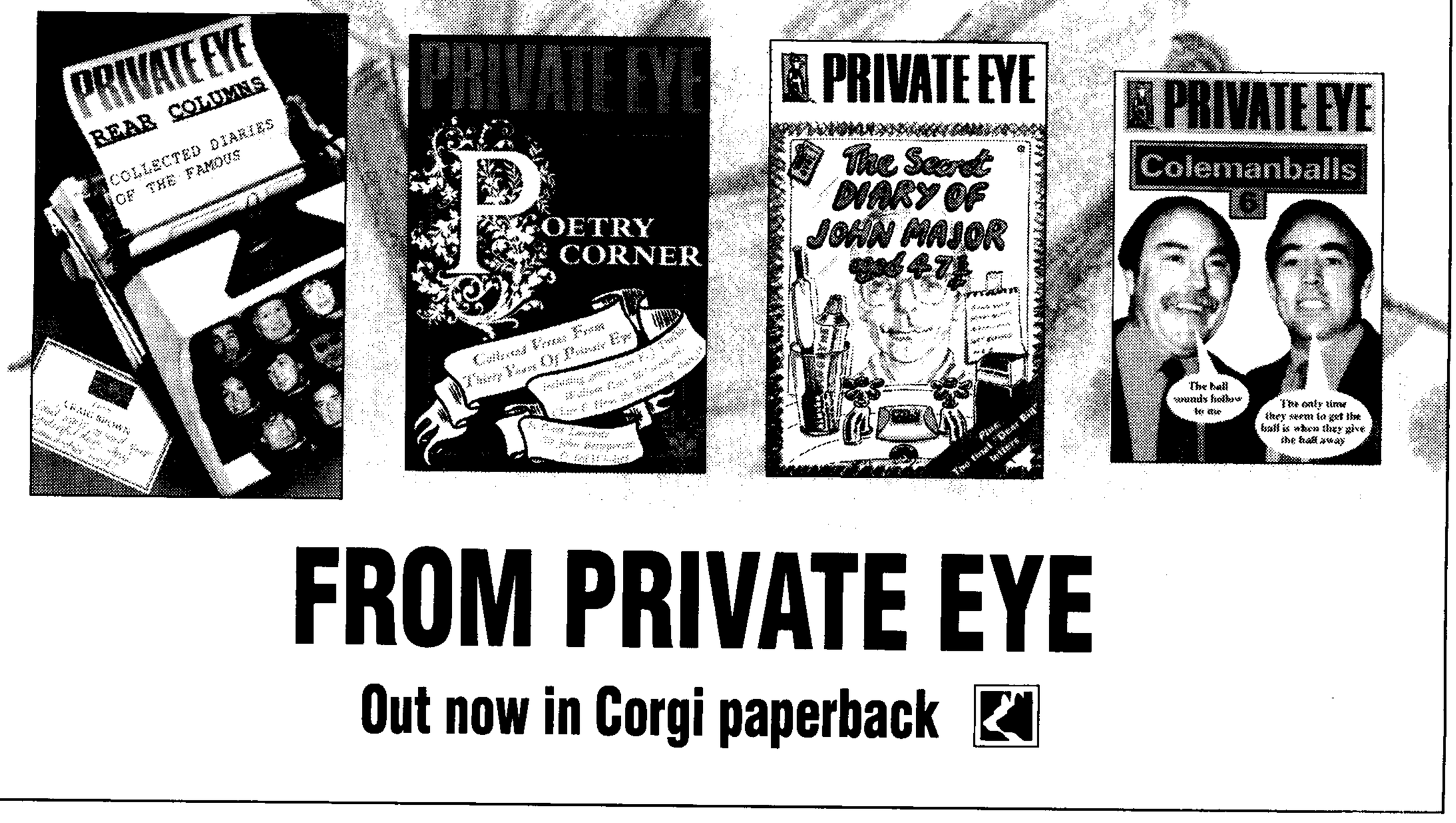
Ah, I hear you say, but has that not benefited the depositors? Not as much as it enriched the professionals. Total dividends to date are just £6.88 million, less than the lawyers and liquidators shared, and depositors had to wait several years for the first payment by which time many had died and others had been thrust into great hardship.

For its criminal negligence in not regulating SIB confirmed by the recently published, after years under wraps, Chadwick report, the Manx government is to make an ex-gratia payment. Too little, too late. For SIB read BCCI and the shape of things to come, both for professionals and depositors.

'Slicker'

SACKING 30000 PEOPLE! WOW! THAT WAS THE TOUGHEST DECISION OF MY LIFE!
THAT'S NOTHING! WRECKING THE ECONOMY WAS MY TOUGHEST DECISION!
THAT'S NOTHING!... NOT SACKING EITHER OF YOU WAS MY TOUGHEST DECISION!
John Kent

FOUR EYES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COLLECTED DIARIES OF THE FAMOUS
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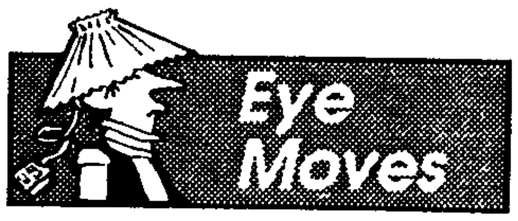

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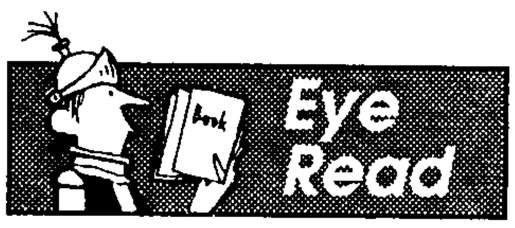

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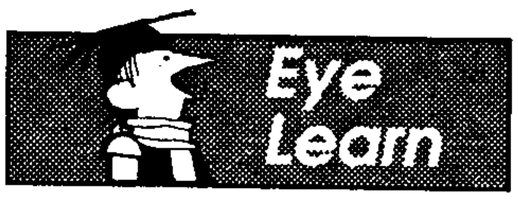

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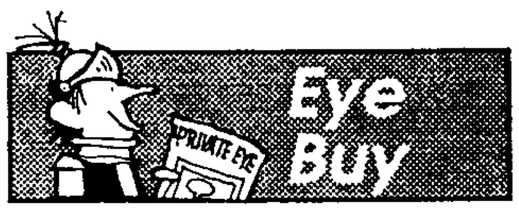

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CONVIVIAL BRIGHT professional single male, 37, well-travelled, seeks pleasant female companion. North West. Box 6605.

N.W. ATTRACTIVE independent single lady 34 seeks warm honest man with sense of humour and nothing to prove. Box 8305.

ATTRACTIVE, SOPHISTICATED man, well-travelled bon-viveur, late 30s, fit, seeks slim shapely Central London girlfriend to pamper with long lunches and erotic afternoons. Box 8405.

MALE EXPAT, 36, down-to-earth, seeks Xmas company/activity, UK/worldwide. Box 8505.

"Lord Gnome and Rita Chevrolet are invited to our wedding — we met through Private Eye!"
Two Readers

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL black female graduate, 5'9", 31, lively, outgoing and very friendly, tired of returning to an empty home wishes to meet warm, sensuous, successful, handsome, professional male for long-term romance (photograph appreciated). Box 6705.

GENEROUS GREGARIOUS Gemini, forty something, single seconds, seeks "Susan", her sister, her cousin, or her aunt! Box 6805.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL married man, academic, 50s, seeks younger woman for sharing, caring, food, sex, chatting. N/s, SOH, East Midlands, discretion assured and expected. Let's have a go. Box 6905.

30+? 40+? 50+? Older ladyfriend sought for decent intelligent conversations or indecent unimaginable conjugations (you decide!!) by male, 25, residing in Germany, visiting UK frequently. All letters answered. Box 7005.

GENUINE KIND GUY 43 likes fun wrestling and sports seks lady 20-40 with similar interests. Box 7105.

LAWYER 30 SEEKS lady for discreet relationship. London. Box 7205.

FRIENDLY OXBRIDGE lawyer, 37, 5'11", sporty, average looks, confident and successful but in selfish bachelor rut seeks slim, pretty, relaxed and straightforward girl, 20s (pref. graduate) for uncomplicated friendship. Central London. Photo please. Discretion guaranteed. Box 7305.

LONDON BASED professional male, 50s, not attached, young at heart and active with a sense of humour, enjoys the good things in life, the country or town, travelling, good food and wine, looking for some cuddles, warmth and passion. Seeks lady with similar needs. Photo appreciated. Box 4805.

UNUSUAL SINGLE media male with sense of humour seeks sincere woman 30s-early 40s, object adventure, enjoyment and exploration both cerebral and Gloucestershire. Box 4905.

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, 33, tired of bores/wimps seeks unattached intelligent fun male. N.W. Box 5005.

BRIGHT BORED Sagittarian woman, tall, blonde, 41, wants amusing, confident, unattached man for civilised friendship, maybe more. Photo please. London. Box 5105.

MAD BIKER from hell seeks ice-maiden for relationship her parents won't understand. Box 5205.

KIND PROFESSIONAL single man, 28, seeks intelligent unattached woman 23-30ish for romance and fun. Hampshire/Wiltshire. Box 5305.

ATTRACTIVE, SUCCESSFUL, Anglo-Indian entrepreneur seeks time-off with sensual lady (20-35) for mutual enjoyment. Photo appreciated. South/South West or London. Box 4105.

MIDDLE-AGED MEDICAL lady wishes to meet middle-aged medical man for fun-filled marriage. No timewasters please, life is passing and this girl means business. Box 3805.

HANDSOME RICH young man with powerful ambition and sparkling enthusiasm for life seeks dark passionate woman to share exciting dreams and adventures in love. Box 3905.

SLEEK, ENIGMATIC brunette, young late 40s, in media world, sensitive and generous of heart, seeks man with keen intellect, warmth, to embrace life. Photo please. London. Box 4005.

ENGLISH GUY, 28, working Middle East, good looks, funny, clever, arty and successful, needs to become the best of friends with a very special lady... before embarking on a lifetime of romance with same... whilst... Independent long-haired and ravishingly beautiful 18-30s will be preferred. ALA. For the most amusing/interesting replies — anywhere UK/Europe. Box 4205.

FROGGY LADY, 22 (Oolala!) seeks Prince Charming. I am wonderful, just ask my mum! Photo appreciated. Box 4305.

ASSERTIVE FEMALE media dolly, mixed race, 27, seeks older public school/professional for discreet, mutually beneficial relationship. Box 4405.

SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE who obviously read the instructions wrongly, seeks slim, attractive, warm lady, 22-30, with common sense. Hants/South. Box 4605.

CAN ANYONE CONVINCE this attractive, warm, leftish male writer (London/Worcs, 41) that unattached, intelligent, slim women (under 40) with/without children are not extinct? Photo please. Box 4705.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL caring and vivacious female mid-30s seeks same qualities in a male. Box 10205.

BARGAIN OF the century!! Terrific attractive professional man 36 (engineer), humorous, wants wonderful woman (n/s) for fun, laughter, love. Box 10305.

HAPPY WOMAN 31 years 5'8" blond loves London, style Colefax and Fowler seeks Turnbull and Asser gent to share London and countryside, with foto. Box 10405.

BLACK BEAUTIFUL 32 Masters student seeks white professional male 26-40. Photo please. Box 10505.

KEEN TO LOVE, determined to live life to its fullest, this attractive, easy-going, bright, wellish-off man is now available for inspection. In his late 40s — living in London SW13 — he'd choose a woman with intelligence and wit, between 30-45. She will want to enter a new, relaxed, loving relationship. A photo please! Box 10605.

YOU NEED MORE FUN. Male, 30, "in business", seeks female company for fireworks. Write immediately. Box 10705.

MIDLANDS MAN 37 single slim balding specs seeks slimmish caring sincere lady for lasting relationship. Age unimportant. Box 10805.

WARM CARING attractive female 54 good home-maker seeks older gent good home-provider for marriage. Can travel. ALA. Box 10905.

EXPAT MALE 34, bald, sexy, more faces than the Bean. Likes country life, good living, foreign places. Keeps fit but needs helper. Vacation every six weeks. Looking 18 to 36 female for travel and mutual excitement. North west/anywhere. Photo to Box 4505.

HANDSOME INTELLIGENT man 39 single solvent working seeks woman of poise, beauty, wit, unpretentious, 25-35, to walk throug life with. Photo please. N. London. Box 11105.

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CHIC PETITE blonde lady 34 seeks single witty bon-vivant. Box 1905.

SLIM MALE SEEKS wrestling female for (genuine) passionate grappling. Box 2005.

WEALTHY BUSINESSMAN, late forties, seeks attractive girl mid-twenties to early thirties. I'm harmless enough: easy-going, a bit overweight, busy as hell. You would be relaxed, and relaxing. Intelligent, sexy, funny, not too feminist. Perhaps interested/involved in property or the arts? All the usual things if you are the right girl. A super penthouse (near Bromley, Kent) for your use. Dinners out, and in. Weekends away from time to time, some business/pleasure travel in Europe. Other things we can talk about. Write me a longish letter about yourself, with a photo or two which I will return. Box 2105.

MARIANNE FROM Gloucestershire, last call from 55-year old Mr Virile you wrote to early August. He lives Bristol and is anxious to see lovely swishy blue dress. Do you want to proceed? Box 1705.

MARRIED MAN 40 seeks lady for discreet daytime fun any age but older lady most appreciated. Manchester, N/West. Box 11005.

BOSSY ATTRACTIVE blonde lady 50s seeks male company, interests are skiing, sun and travel. Box 11205.

SINGLE, SOLVENT and reasonable-looking male seeks smart attractive and intelligent female aged between 23 and 32 for lasting relationship. Photo appreciated but not essential. London. Box 10005.

SULTRY BRUNETTE, 37, wants lover. Single, SOH, sensuality essential. N/s, N. England, photo, preferred. Box 10105.

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ROMANCE IS NOT dead. Slim male, 42, married but bored seeks female who believes there must be more to life than this. If you are looking for a totally discreet and satisfying affair with a successful man (with a sense of humour) let's meet for lunch. London/Home Counties. Box 9505.

FUN-LOVING AFFECTIONATE fifties fellow desires discreet daytime dates with divinely designed (or other) female. Edinburgh. Box 9605.

BETRAYED HUSBAND, 39, tall, athletic, educated, seeks similar wife/partner for revenge, consolation and re-discovery of fun. Box 9705.

RESOURCEFUL REDHEAD requires rich refined romancer. Ready? RSVP. Box 9805.

TALL SLIM HANDSOME professional man, fit forties, seeks beautiful discreet younger mistress. Scotland/London. Box 6804.

S.W. LONDON businessman, presentable tallish mature recently divorced many interests affectionate seeks solace with attractive lady 50, petite, shapely, sensual. Photo please. Box 0105.

SEPTEMBER SONG? Before days grow too short, female friends sought by metropolitan married male, mature, cultured and discreet. Photo welcome. Box 0205.

TALL SHY inexperienced male (27) seeks female for sexual education. North West/anywhere. Box 0305.

ATTRACTIVE WITTY professional female, 28 seeks compatible male. Manchester area. Box 0405.

UPBEAT, UPMARKET lady, 35; slim, sensual, attractive, intelligent yet warm, home-loving; seeks attractive, affluent, humorous E. Mids mate. Photo please. Box 0505.

WOMEN CUT YOUR fuel bills this winter with warm male, 23, 6'3", Bath area. Box 0605.

I'M HAPPY, affectionate, attractive man, 29, you're similar woman 24-33, we're looking for romance. London area. Box 0705.

SPICY TAUREAN 39, somewhat attached, somewhat foreign, creative, witty, fun-loving, affectionate, seeks/offers stimulation — mental, physical and emotional to like-minded, discreet and interesting woman. North and Manchester. Box 0805.

GENTLEMAN, 30s, TALL, imaginative, seeks discreet relationship with sexy lady, 35-45. London. Box 0905.

HUMOROUS GUY, 29, professional, seeks like-minded temptress. Can be trusted to bring a bottle (plus levity with a kiss). Box 1005.

BATTERSEA BASED gentle male 32, not bad looking, talks too much, seeks attractive slim woman to smile at. Photo appreciated. Box 1105.

WEST INDIAN male, age 50, based Middle East, vocation teacher, wishes to meet soulmate, American/British and financially solvent non-smoker, age 40-55 years. Hobbies include travel, keeping fit, reading, politics. Intention marriage. Box 1205.

MALE ACADEMIC, 41, slim with specs, Southwest, happy but sexless marriage, seeks intelligent lady for uninhibited fun. Enthusiasm more important than looks. Box 1305.

WEST COUNTRY MALE (37) intelligent, attractive and interested in sports, food, travel, seeks similar caring female for lasting romance. Box 1405.

TALL, ATHLETIC, educated professional, 27, seeks stylish woman with equally irreverent view of life to help him love and laugh. London. Box 1505.

SINGLE WOMAN, intelligent, independent, but taking life too seriously, seeks adventurous man with sense of humour. Manchester. Box 1605.

LONDON LADY seeks businessman friend 45+ for one or two meetings a week. Box 8605.

MALE GRADUATE 35, own teeth, hair, car, seeks pretty n/s lady 25/35ish for mutual pampering and encounters of a physical kind with view to long relationship. Yorks/E. Midlands. Photo appreciated. Box 8705.

RICH PROFESSIONAL man, slim 39, nice bum, seeks broadminded sultry 30 year old 5'7" brunette, 38" 25" 37" with long muscular thighs and all over tan. Blonde a possibility. Or near offer. Dog or cat maybe. Small invertebrate. London area. On second thoughts make that a brunette. Or a blonde. With the thighs. Box 8805.

NIMBLE MAN, 35, seeks petite woman for sentimental exchanges. Any colour, nationality, status. Box 8905.

MANCHESTER PROFESSIONAL, single male (32) with materialistic wealth seeks n/s woman to provide greater riches in life. Box 9005.

ATTRACTIVE INTELLECTUAL professional woman (29), ironic SOH, interests in art, cinema, gastronomy, seeks similar man (30s). Bristol/Bath. Photo appreciated. Box 9105.

SLIM BEAUTIFUL longhaired brunette 5'10" (not Antonia de Sancha) would like to meet mature charming sophisticated gentleman who knows his way about a wine list and the FTSE, for discreet dalliance Central London. Box 9205.

VIVACIOUS FRIENDLY genuine woman mid 30s looking for humorous caring man. No strings. North East. Box 9305.

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Derbyshire Life

DIVORCED WHITE male 43 n/s, 6ft medium build, likes Radio 3, Classic FM, history, cinema, places of interest, walking, etc. cannot abide soaps, jazz, Noel Edmonds, seeks slim intelligent lady of any race for permanent relationship. Photo please. NW/anywhere. Box 7405.

TWO GUYS AGED 27 to 37, well-read, well-heeled, well-travelled, require two slim, attractive women aged 25-30 (ish!) for fun days/evenings out with a view to Christmas holidays on yacht. Answers in ones or twos! This is genuine. Please send photo and response to Box 7505. (London/South East.)

HIGHLY INTELLIGENT, articulate, humorous male, 33, single, regarded by most women he knows as a good friend, would like to be seriously fancied for a change. West Yorkshire. Box 7605.

ZANY SCOTTISH BLONDE (34) separated only by Hadrians Wall from falling in love, looking for wildly attractive exciting male, slim, tall, got great job, empty love life. Photo. Box 7705.

MAN, 42, CARING, sensitive, seeks outgoing cheerful woman for friendship and exciting clandestine affair. Norfolk. Box 7805.

KISSING PARTNER required. Affectionate male, 44, 6 ft, slim, attractive, seeks lady who wants to French kiss all the time. Genuine advert. Lives near London. Box 7905.

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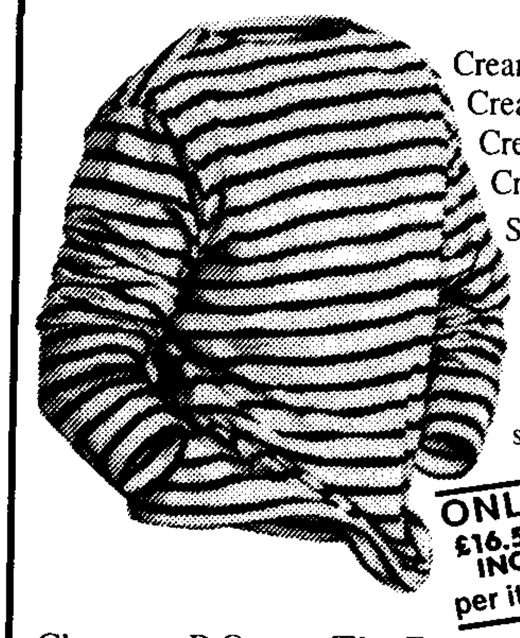

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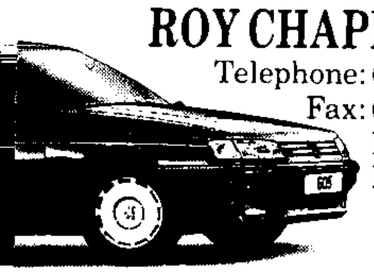

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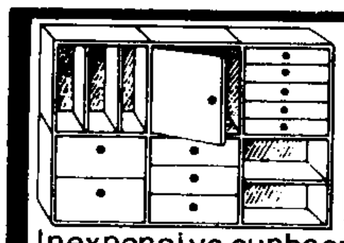

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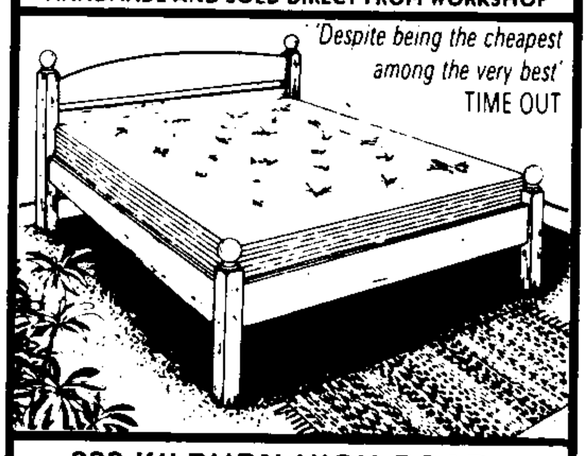

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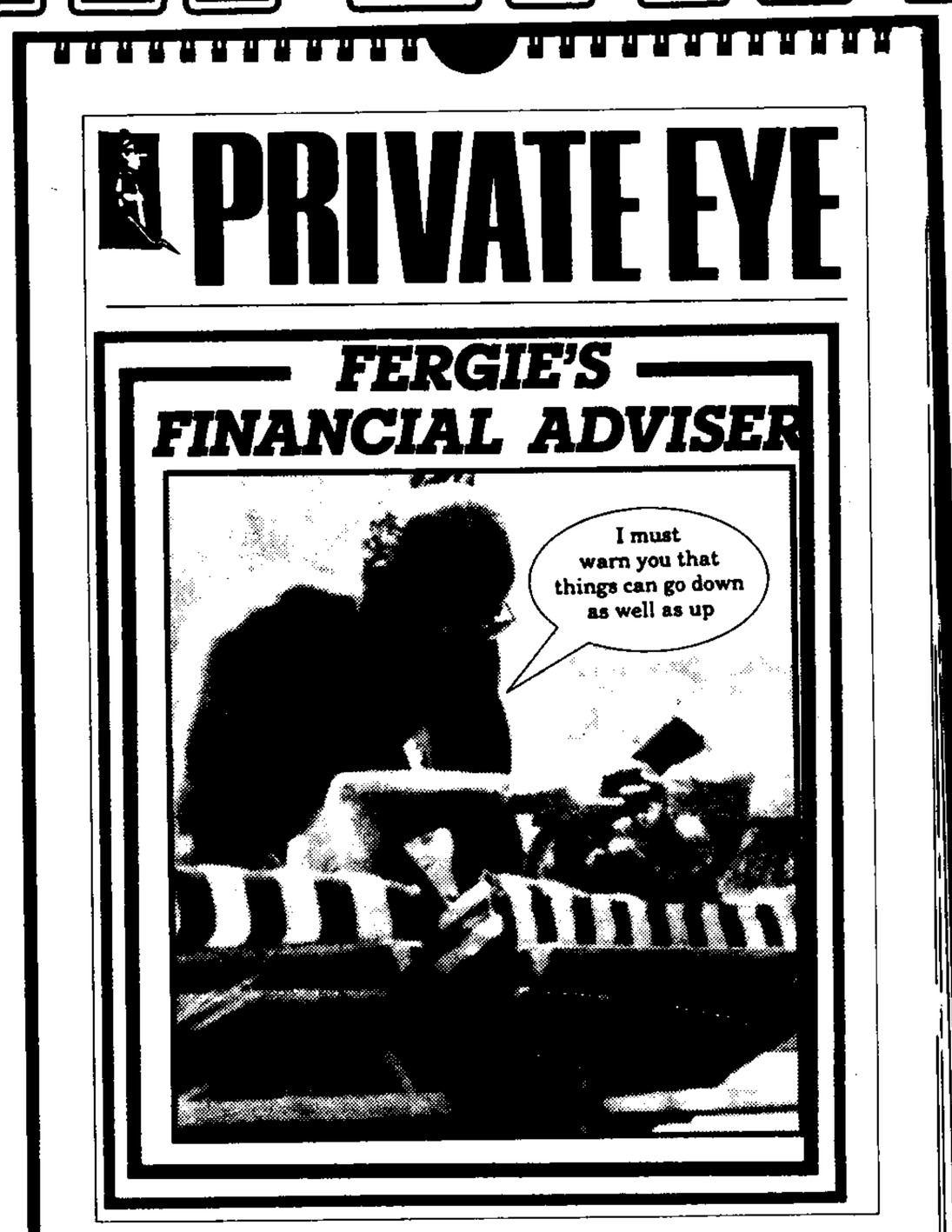
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